CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

15c

The hidden victory of our churches ▪ How to live with a retarded child

HUMOR: W. O. Mitchell WAR: Ralph Allen ADVENTURE: Peter Stollery

Vancouver harbor at night, painted from memory by Jack Shadbolt, who's now living on the Riviera

June 3 1961

the brew's on view at the new O'Keefe Plant in Vancouver B.C.

Only 18 months ago, Old Vienna Lager Beer was a newcomer to British Columbia. But in that brief time, thousands of people "reached for an Old Vienna" and found it was a move in the *light* direction. In fact, so many people in B.C. like Old Vienna that this new home was built to meet rising production requirements. And you have an open invitation to visit and view the brew that the Pacific has called "terrific". There are no secrets here—except the Brewmaster's one carefully guarded secret—the secret of the extra good taste you'll always find in Old Vienna Lager Beer and O'Keefe Ale.

How worried, sedentary Canadians could live longer

... and may yet, if one heart specialist wins his fight

Modern man's heart, diseases of which are the world's number one killer, suffers a double handicap from the way he lives: first, emotional stresses greater today than ever before have a real physical (and of course bad) effect on the heart's nervous system; second, his sedentary habits complicate his case with harmful effects of their own.

This spring, an American doctor who is one of the world's leading heart specialists and an authority on diseases resulting from inactivity dropped into Toronto to do a little more gospel spreading for an idea that, he says, has already been proved to help counteract both halves of the modern heart's handicap. The doctor was Wilhelm Raab, Vienna-born chairman of experimental medicine at the University of Vermont. The idea: "reconditioning clinics," which have been established for decades in parts of the Communist world, are now spreading rapidly in at least one non-Communist country, West Germany. Dr. Raab hopes they will soon gain at least a small foothold in North America.

Simply, the reconditioning clinics are designed to take a man away from his normal environment for four to six weeks. Those in Europe are camps in mountain or lake country or on the seacoast. While at them, the camper goes through a rugged, full-time routine of exercise and activity that snaps him completely out of his sedentary habits and makes him forget the stresses of his ordinary life. He's also given a series of lectures on how to stay in better physical and mental shape and why he ought to. In Russia there are now 2,500 such clinics reconditioning nearly five million people a year. In East Germany, there are 40. In West Germany, where the plan was instituted only a few years ago, there are only 15 serving 15,000 people, but it is the success of the West German project that has inspired Dr. Raab to hope for a similar plan in North America.

The West German plan is financed partly by employers and partly by the government, but most of the money comes from insurance companies. Unlike his Communist counterpart, the West German camper pays nothing for his stay at the clinic and while he's there his wife collects half his regular salary. (Only one of the German camps is for women.) The candidates the reconditioners are looking for are good workers whose output is falling off but who have no specific, diagnosable disease. The employers, says Dr. Raab, have already found their investment is being returned by a drop in lost time and a higher output by the reconditioned workers. The insurance companies — who will reap the largest benefits if the reconditioned men work and live longer — are convinced their subsidy is worth while.

It is this profit motive that convinces Dr. Raab the plan may catch on in North America.

Can the camps do anything for a man he couldn't do himself? "Of course not," says Dr. Raab. "But no one but a crackpot would go through such a program individually." — PETER GZOWSKI

WATCH FOR

INFLATION-PROOF PENSIONS (as outlined by Prof. H. Scott Gordon in Maclean's of Nov. 21, 1959). Canada's first "proper purchasing power" pension plan has just been instituted for the University of Waterloo faculty. Under a formula worked out by Prof. James L. Clare of the University of Manitoba, Waterloo pensions will rise—or fall—with the cost of living that would have given a man drawing $172 a month in 1945 $292 a month in 1960.

A NEW ESKIMO ART: sealskin tapestries, made by the same process by which Eskimos decorate their boots — they cut varying colors of skin from various parts of the seal's body and sew them into patterns. First shipments from Ungava to Montreal and Ottawa sold like Eskimo sculpture. More are on their way.

MORE CANS TO SQUIRT FOOD. Aerosol cans are now used only for whipped cream and syrup because the driving gas (nitrogen or nitrous oxide) flavors food. Soon they'll be okay for any liquid because of two new developments: an odorless, tasteless gas, and a can in which the gas pushes a piston and the piston pushes the food.

EVEN LESS SHORTHAND (whose practitioners are already obsolescent) than there is now. A recent change in legislation will permit court reporters to use something called a Steno mask — into which the reporter re-speaks testimony for tape recording.

MORE STRAPPED DRIVERS. One small and two big U.S. car makers will include safety-belt anchors as standard equipment on their 1962 models.

TWO-WAY WRIST RADIOS just like Dick Tracy's. With a change in legislation, they'll soon be legal in Canada (they have been in the U.S. for years) and one called a Space phone, which weighs three ounces, is going on the market for "hunters, fishermen, scouting groups, coaches" and for $24.95.

PROFILE: The emancipated man behind the great annual Emancipation Day in Windsor

Walter L. Perry of Windsor, Ont., used to make his living at a stand in Round-in. For $15 he would be in a bookmaker's parlor when it was raided, and the raid — of which the bookmaker had been politely informed in advance — would appear on the police record as legitimate.

That was in the 20s. In the 30s, Perry sold some real estate, drove some taxi, ran some rum, piloted a prohibition enforcement launch (the last two simultaneously) and waxed stout. Today, as he has for the last 29 years, Perry is whipping up Windsor's annual Emancipation celebration, a three-day mid-summer festival in memory of Britain's freeing of the slaves in 1838.

Perry claims the Emancipation celebration is the "biggest freedom show on earth." During it, thousands of Negroes from the U.S. and Canada flock to see everything from a parade and carnival to a jazz concert to a sunrise religious service, all the while savoring good things like spareribs loaded with Perry's own "secretive sauce."

But few attractions out-attract Perry himself, who at 60 may well be one of the most emancipated men alive. He lives in a lavishly landscaped home right in the middle of Windsor's most rundown area, keeps peacocks and drives about in a big black limousine of which he says he owns "about $14 worth."

Other than the celebration, from which he makes enough to donate generously to churches and charities and is currently saving for a university scholarship for an African student, Perry's sources of income are secret. "I used to send the income tax people some money every year," he says. "About as much as I figured a guy like me should send. Then a guy was around at the cigar store asking how many cigars I bought a day and I figure I'm in trouble. Sure enough, a guy came to see me. So I got every scrap of paper I could find and I put them all into two shopping bags and I took 'em down to his office and I dumped 'em on his desk. I told him to figure it out." He hasn't heard from the income tax people since.

A descendant of slaves who fled the south, Perry quit school early and knocked around through the Depression, taking money where he could find it — but never dishonestly, he says. "Once I was offered $20,000 just to throw a switch in a racing wire, but I wouldn't do it."

Today he acts as unofficial counsellor to hundreds of Windsor and Detroit Negroes and will bet on most anything from a horse race to an election to the chance of rain for the Emancipation parade. And he's busy enough with his organizing to give the lie to a remark his wife once made. In 1954 Eleanor Roosevelt was in Windsor to be the main speaker at the celebration. "Your husband must be a remarkable man," she told Mrs. Perry. "He sure is," said Mrs. Perry. "He's never worked a day in his life." — PAT WHEALEN

Watch out for: A battle of wits between cagey census-takers and the public

Census-takers, 25,000 strong, are getting ready to outwit liars, evaders and other uncooperative citizens when the first big census in 10 years begins June 1. For their part, the enumerators are being warned that the penalty for revealing census information to an unauthorized person is a fine up to $300 and a jail term up to six months. (Nobody outside the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, not even the income tax collector, is allowed to peek at the answers.) "We're not interested in the individuals—i.e. the totals that count," says J. L. Forsyth of the bureau's demography division. "So there's nothing to be gained by giving wrong answers." Yet DBS knows from past experience that some people will.

Women will lie about their ages in some instances if their husbands or boy friends are present when the enumerator calls. After every census, DBS gets "conscience letters" from women wanting to set the record straight.

Wives will sometimes unwittingly give false answers about family income because their husbands have been holding out on them.

Status-conscious workers will upgrade their occupations. Besides the bookkeeper who says he's an accountant and the carpenter who insists he's a contractor, there will be a few atrocious liars. In '51, a 25-year-old bowling alley pinboy said he was a stationary engineer.

Enumerators are being trained to catch and correct some false answers by cross-checking. A man who didn't finish high school is probably not a civil engineer, and a tactful enumerator will suggest that perhaps the man "misunderstood" the question. But there's no law against lying: if a $50-a-week clerk insists he earns $100,000 a year, that's what the record will show.

Questions will be more personal than in any previous census, but they aren't meant to probe into people's vices or indiscretions. Women asked "How many live-born children have you had?" aren't expected to list illegitimate offspring, and the question about income isn't intended to cover winnings from gambling.

What if your enumerator is a neighbor who you know is also a gossip? Insist on getting a confidential form, fill it out in private and arrange for a census commissioner to pick it up.

What you *can't* get away with is slamming the door in the enumerator's face. Two or three people who tried that in '41 were fined (the maximum penalty is a $100 fine and three months in jail). But nobody was fined in '51 and the bureau insists that the incidents in '41 were the result of "wartime strain." The training booklet suggests that enumerators "try to humor the argumentative respondent."—NATHAN BRESKIN

COMMENT

EDITORIAL: Anti-Communist manifesto: Four ways not to fight the Reds

DAVIE FULTON, the minister of justice, has been exhorting his fellow Canadians to "fight communism" at home and abroad, an appeal as routinely innocuous as the plea to help stamp out the spruce budworm. There is a soothing familiarity about these rhetorical calls to arms. They make us feel strong and sternly just, without actually requiring us to do anything in particular.

Lately though, we have been reminded that some people take these warlike slogans literally and seriously. In Cuba and in Laos the pious urge to "fight communism" has got the United States, and to some extent the whole western alliance, into troubles no less grave for being preposterous. The French mutineers in Algeria, the Belgian diehards in Katanga, the apostles of *apartheid* in South Africa and Rhodesia, the overseers of forced labor in Portuguese Angola — all these, by their own account, are "fighting communism" too. So before Canadians allow themselves to be mobilized for ideological battle it might be well to stipulate some of the things we should be careful *not* to do.

First, we should not plan military rejoinders to political events. It's hard to imagine a clearer, surer path to World War III than the policy of intervening with military force to forestall or frustrate every political upheaval. In many parts of the world, the *status quo* is indefensible and intolerable. We must accept this as a fact, and expect revolts against the *status quo* from time to time. Some of these revolts will have Communist leadership. If we regard this as a valid cause of war, then war really does become inevitable.

Second, we should not attempt by economic aid to bolster up incompetent, corrupt and obsolete regimes. The whole purpose of foreign aid is destroyed when it is made to appear as a device for perpetuating outworn tyrannies and fossil societies.

Third, we should not damn as "Communist" every man, party or state that stands a little to the Left of North American conservatism. For one thing it gives the Communists credit that they don't deserve. Men like Nasser in Egypt, Kassem in Iraq, Tom Mboya in Kenya are national heroes. If we insist on calling such men Communists, as we have in the past and shall probably do again in the future, we merely teach their followers that Communists and heroes belong to the same club.

Finally and above all, we should not become so obsessed with "fighting communism" that we become incapable of making peace. Communism is the established and accepted system among about a third of the whole human race. No quick "victory" over it is possible. We believe it will die a natural death as freedom grows — and freedom can only grow in peace.

MAILBAG: Some more doctors and some patients take up the case of socialized medicine

If there is a case against socialized medicine, Dr. Harold Challis (A doctor's case for private medicine, April 22) certainly fails to state it. . . . The greater part of Dr. Challis's argument has to do with the shortcomings of the National Health Service in Great Britain. Most of these weaknesses existed before the advent of the NHS. Will these dissatisfied emigrant doctors from the British Isles never stop assuming that a National Health Plan in Canada would have all the features and problems of the NHS in Great Britain? Some of the medical profession in Canada believe that it would be much more to the point to devise a national plan of health insurance that would protect Canadians from the hazards of medical costs and at the same time conserve the traditional ideals of the medical profession. — DR. C. H. VIPOND, OSHAWA, ONT. (I worked in the NHS too.)

✔ Dr. Challis relies on a general misunderstanding of the relation and distinction between the NHS on the one hand and British medical practice on the other. Most British doctors and hospitals treat both private and NHS patients. That prominent men like Bevan should choose to pay fees is no discredit to the NHS. If the NHS were a separate group of doctors and hospitals, which it is not, then his decision to be a private patient might indeed be a criticism. As an NHS patient he could have been treated in the same hospital (the Royal Free), by the same doctors, working with the same efficiency, but perhaps not with suitable privacy. He would also feel, however, that a man in his position should make more than the minimum contribution to his doctors, partly because he would not want unnecessarily to be a charge on the NHS, and partly because an extra strain and responsibility attaches to treating patients much in the public eye. Secondly, Dr. Challis makes many valid criticisms of British medical practice, but the features he criticizes are not the result of the NHS. They result from such factors as a very dense population, the level of public education, differing class attitudes, the deficiencies of medical training, shortages of hospitals and equipment which are just now beginning to be made good. . . . Canadians may decide that they want no part of anything even faintly resembling the NHS, but I should be very sad if this decision rested on accepting a biased medical view of the NHS. — DR. A. O. RICHARDS, SASKATOON, SASK.

✔ I can think of far better arguments against an NHS in Canada than the ones Dr. Challis puts forward, without casting cheap sneers and criticisms at the work that is carried out by my colleagues in Britain. Good and bad doctors are found everywhere, but it would be unfortunate if, as a result of Dr. Challis's article, the large percentage of British doctors who work here lost the respect of the people they serve. With regard to Sir Anthony Eden, even Dr. Challis should appreciate that every operation carries a risk of failure, and it was unfortunate that such should occur in a man so eminent with all the resultant publicity. I personally knew one of the surgeons who took part in the operation but if I ever had to have a similar operation myself I would have every confidence in putting myself in his hands. . . . It is true that few patients travel from the New to the Old World for treatment and I would agree that excellent medical care can be obtained over here. The converse is also true. It is, however, a fact that more doctors travel from Canada to Britain for postgraduate teaching and training than vice versa. . . . It would be interesting to know where Dr. Challis obtains his facts to substantiate the statement that British surgeons in the large cities are reaping rich rewards because the vast majority of the middle and higher income population seek their services as private patients. This is absolute nonsense. Any British surgeon today who depended solely on private patients for his income would have a pretty thin time of it. . . . I very much doubt if any doctor, as Dr. Challis suggests, ever sees as many as sixty to a hundred patients a day, and even the much maligned casualty officer has not been spared. Since this doctor may see and deal in an afternoon with as many "cysts in the neck" as the average GP sees in a month, who better should be able to carry out satisfactory treatment? . . . Dr. Challis's comments about childbirth and the maternity service in Britain are in accord with the rest of his article. Numerous inquiries held throughout Britain have shown overwhelmingly that women prefer to have their babies in their own homes if possible. Most of the doctors prefer it that way too. The mother is not an invalid, and relevant childbirth statistics show that, despite what the Canadian women want, there is seldom any medical need for the added expense of hospitalization. . . . I still feel that British doctors, despite the system under which they work, are giving their best, and medicine in Britain today despite the Health Service is second to none throughout the world. — DR. T. H. ALMOND, KELVINGTON, SASK.

✔ Who is more important — the doctor or the patient? If the doctor suffers a little in his prestige and pride (and I see no reason why he should) does that really matter, if the nation gets better medical service? Education and health go hand in hand, and if the teacher works under government control, why can't the doctor? After all, those organizing [a health service] would themselves be doctors and surely capable of giving those of the profession fair and decent treatment. — MRS. EVA SAUVE, OTTAWA, ONT.

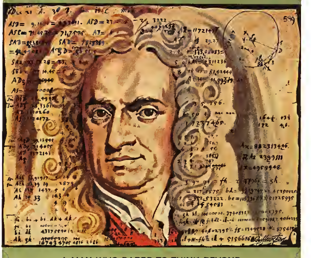
✔ In the early summer of last year my wife and I visited our native Scotland. Within two weeks of our arrival I was taken ill suddenly and admitted to hospital. For six days I underwent a series of exacting tests. Nothing was left to chance. Then followed major surgery by two of the most skilled surgeons in Scotland. In the weeks that followed I had a good opportunity of witnessing the British system at work and I left hospital profoundly impressed by the excellence of the surgical, medical and nursing services. Scottish training and discipline produce the finest and most capable nurses in the world. If what I experienced is socialized medicine then I am 100% in favor of it. — ALEX SMITH, GODERICH, ONT.

✔ For years I was in education work in what is now known as Swift Current Health Region No. 1. Friends who still live there have words of unqualified praise for the combined hospital-medical plan that has been functioning smoothly for a number of years. Even those doctors who declared they would leave if such a plan were initiated are still there. . . . Maclean's is to be commended for having provided space to expose a viewpoint so weak and obviously self-centred. — B. CHAPMAN, MONTREAL.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 6

Authorized as second-class mail. Post Office Department, Ottawa.

PEOPLE MAKE THE DIFFERENCE



A MAN WHO DARED TO THINK BEYOND

Isaac Newton, one of the greatest intellects the world has ever known, toppled barriers of fear and superstition in his search for answers to the unknown.

That his search was not in vain is known to all. Indeed, his theories stand inviolate to this day, governing much in the world of progress, even paving the way for man's eventual conquest of space.

Though his intellect was unsurpassed, Isaac Newton displayed the qualities of true greatness in his understanding and warmth of feeling towards his fellow man.

In the hustle and bustle of today's business world, too often the need for human understanding is forgotten.

At The Toronto-Dominion Bank, we believe that nothing is more valuable than the capacity of men and women to understand and serve. In every Branch across the country, you'll find capable, interested people who are more than anxious to help you with any banking problem you may have.

From your first visit you'll discover that *people make the difference at The Toronto-Dominion Bank.*

THE TORONTO-DOMINION BANK

from engravings
to eavestroughs . .

COPPER

makes it better. This very page you are reading was printed with an engraving plate of copper. Indeed copper and its alloys are *everywhere* around you ... in roofs and rain disposal systems, in plumbing, heating and drainage systems, electric appliances, hardware, telephones, cars and countless other applications. No other metal adapts so readily or so satisfactorily to so many different uses. That's because copper is rustproof, corrosion resistant, easy to work with and long lasting.

If you're planning a new home, write for our *free* booklet "How to Buy, Build or Modernize Your Home" to Dept. MM4 Anaconda American Brass Limited, New Toronto (Toronto 14) Ontario. Sales Offices: Quebec City, Montreal, Calgary, Vancouver

C-6100

ANACONDA

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S
VOLUME 74 June 3 1961 NUMBER 11

CONTENTS

WHEN A RETARDED CHILD IS BORN

The gift of a doomed child Sonja Bixel 11
Karen Bixel was born retarded, spastic, and epileptic. Yet, writes her mother, Karen "brought more good into this world in two years than some people may bring in forty times as long"

School for parents William Osborne and Don Newlands 12
A medical clinic in London, Ont.—the first of its kind in Canada—studies retarded children in order to educate their parents

BURGLARY BY LICENSE Dennis Quennevy 14
A report on commercial bailiffs, who have a legal right to repossess goods from defaulters, but often use illegal methods to get them

THE GREAT COLUMBIA RIVER FOUL-UP Bruce Hutchison 15
Why is B. C. holding up development of a river that Canada and the U. S. have agreed they'll harness jointly? What is Premier Bennett's hold over the federal government? Bruce Hutchison unravels an international whodunit

A YOUNG CANADIAN ADVENTURER'S AFRICAN DIARY Peter Stalery 16
In the Somali country this tramp from Toronto could never be sure that the crowd wouldn't start throwing rocks at the back of his head. This is the conclusion of Peter Stalery's African log
Part IV **Outcast in the Horn of Africa**

THE SHOCKING TRUTH ABOUT THE UNDEFENDED BORDER W. O. Mitchell 17
The author of Jake and the Kid tells all the hushed-up facts about the time he tried to export Grandma and, as if that wasn't enough, reveals what happened in the affair of the Abyssinian Bosnian Plants

THE MISFORTUNES OF WAR Ralph Allen 18
Sir Sam Hughes, the incredible Canadian minister of militia, ran the army as if he owned it, until two scandals cut him down. In the first, other men prospered; in the second, other men died

THE PAGES ARE BUSTING OUT ALL OVER Anne MacDermot 21
A color album of the liveliest show in Montreal—the parlor circuit

DAN PETRIE: THE "UNDERGROUND RAILWAY" FROM CANADA TO BROADWAY Jacqueline Moore 24
The director of Raisin in the Sun is still a small-town boy (he says) from Glace Bay, N. S., who brings Canadian actors to the U. S. not only because they're good but because they're—well—Canadian

DEPARTMENTS

FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT Grace Lane 4
Stop blaming the church for other people's failures

JASPER	26	COVER ARTIST	50		
PREVIEW	1	BACKGROUND	65	BACKSTAGE	67
COMMENT	2	OVERSEAS REPORT	68	ENTERTAINMENT	86

Editor BLAIR FRASER, *Contributing Editor* RALPH ALLEN *Managing Editor* KEN LEFOLII, *Associate Editor* SIDNEY KATZ, *Articles Editor* ERIC HUTTON *Ottawa Editor* PETER C. NEWMAN *Overseas Editor* LESLIE F. HANNON *Washington Editor* IAN SCLANDERS *Art Director* GENE ALIMAN *Photo Editor* DON NEWLANDS, *Art Assistant* KENNETH ELLIOTT *Copy Editor* MARTIN LYNCH *Production Editor* N. O. BONISTEEL *Preview Editors* PETER GZOWSKI, DAVID LEWIS STEIN *Staff Writers* BARBARA MOON, MCKENZIE PORTER, *Editorial Assistants*, LOIS HARRISON, SHIRLEY MAIR, ELIZABETH PARR, JOAN WEATHERSEED, BARBARA WEST

Publisher F. G. BRANDER *Advertising Sales Mgr* R. K. STEWART *Circulation Mgr* GORDON RUMGAY *Advertising Production Mgr* ROY F. MACKENZIE *Vice-president Magazines Division* C. J. LAURIN

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

CREDITS are listed left to right, top to bottom: 11, 12, 14, 20, 13, 23, Don Newlands, Maclean's / 16, Peter Stalery / 4, Department of National Defence, [illegible] 18, Canada Wide, [illegible] 1, 27, Don Newlands, Maclean's / 24, Gary Wagner

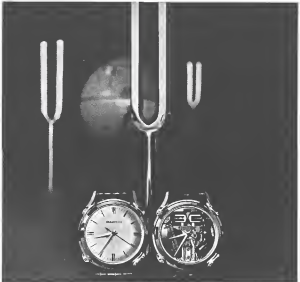
Maclean's is published every other Saturday by the Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. [illegible]

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

To avoid missing copies, please send your change of address at least six weeks before you move to

Subscription Dept.,
Maclean's Magazine
481 University Ave.,
Toronto 2, Ont.

giving us both your old and new addresses and — if possible — an address label from one of your copies.



ACCUTRON†

the only basic advance in personal timekeeping in 300 years

RUNS ON A TUNING FORK. NO TICK . . . JUST A FAINT HUM.
FIRST TIMEPIECE EVER GUARANTEED ACCURATE ON YOUR WRIST

There's a new way to keep time! It's Accutron, a timepiece that runs on a tuning fork vibrating 360 times per second . . . minute after minute . . . hour after hour.

These vibrations are harnessed to a simple but ingenious mechanism. There is no need for hairspring or balance wheel, the parts that cause inaccuracy even in watches costing $1000 or more. And Accutron will rarely, if ever, need repair.

Accutron is unlike any watch: stem-winding, self-winding, or electric. It's the only timepiece that can be guaranteed accurate on your wrist. In normal use it doesn't even need periodic cleaning. And of course you never wind it. Once a year you just replace a tiny power cell (cost $1.50).

You'll wear Accutron proudly. Bulova jewelers have it now, from $225 to $2500.* See it soon! Accutron . . . world's new standard of accuracy.

THE ACCUTRON GUARANTEE. Accutron is guaranteed by Bulova not to gain or lose more than one minute a month in actual daily use on your wrist. For one full year from date of purchase, the authorized jeweler from whom you purchased your Accutron timepiece will adjust it to this tolerance of accuracy without charge.

ACCUTRON BY BULOVA

[illegible]

- most effective filter tip yet developed
- choicest, extra mild Virginia tobaccos
- rich flavour, exceptional smoothness
- firmly packed for longer lasting smoking pleasure

du MAURIER

A *Really Milder* High Grade Virginia Cigarette
with the EXCLUSIVE "*Millecel*" SUPER FILTER

MAILBAG continued from page 2

Education doesn't mean you're smart or efficient
For kids: Candy is dandy, but liquor is dangerous

The article by Barbara Moon (Two million illiterates: Canada's obsolete tenth, May 6) is interesting and, to say the least, very illuminating. It does not, however, in my opinion adequately state the case for the under-educated. Obviously the article is well written and the end result of much research, but it would have been as much to the point had Miss Moon shown the narrowminded attitude of our industrialists. Too much human potential is being thoughtlessly wasted in favor of theoretical knowledge. We must remember that the scholar can also be the dullard, the bungler and the arrogant. — JAY AMES, TORONTO

✓ As a means of upgrading our "two million illiterates," as well as the unemployed, may I suggest the CBC could make an outstanding contribution in this regard using early morning TV classes in the elementary subjects. — MRS. HAZEL FRASER, ST. CHARLES, MAN.

✓ Where did this panic for "grades" come from? Surely some of those "two million illiterates" are intelligent enough to receive on-the-job training and be competent enough to operate machines, weld or do many other jobs, if only given the chance by a company that wasn't afraid that its prestige would be lowered by hiring a person without a high school education. — MRS. H. LLOYD WALTERS, GALIANO, B.C.

✓ There is no reason why people with grade four or even less cannot continue their education. — CROSBIE McNAUGHT, HALCOURT, ALTA.

✓ I could not help thinking back to what was taught to us in eight years in another country. There were four years of one foreign language, one year of a second foreign language, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, logarithms, inorganic chemistry, physics, biology, geography, history and others. Let us have a more ambitious curriculum. Let our teachers specialize in only one or two subjects even in the lower grades. The system where one teacher instructs a class in English, arithmetic, sciences, history, geography, physical training, arts and crafts, music, religion and what have you is that of a small village. Let's not worry about those who, after 10 years, have not mastered that intricate art of spelling, reading or expressing themselves in their mother tongue. It stands to reason another 10 years, let alone two or four years, will not help them. — ALICE LEWKOWICZ, TORONTO

✓ We could greatly improve the conditions described in this article if we took the necessary and long overdue steps to reform our spelling. — FREDERICK EDWARDS, REGINA.

✓ Barbara Moon states that the regions of higher density are Newfoundland, the Maritimes, backwoods Quebec, Yukon and Northwest Territories. As a native Nova Scotian I, and many others like me, realize that the reason for this is simply that the economic conditions are so bad that parents cannot afford the luxury of schooling for their children. This is the usual, rather than the unusual thing in Nova Scotia and even the educated ones can find no opportunities in their home province. — MRS. NELSON MACDONALD, PORT ALICE, B.C.

Alcoholic candy: a menace

I read with interest your item on alcohol candy being passed by the Ontario Liquor Control Board (Preview, April 22). I've seen these monstrosities being displayed on candy counters right out in the open and within easy reach of children. What is going to happen when the kids get hold of this stuff? Will it be possible to keep them from staggering out onto the streets and getting run over, and will it be possible to keep them out of other kinds of trouble? How low can mankind stoop when it comes to squeezing a few pennies out of his brother's miserable hide? I wonder what parents think of this horror being put within the reach of our youngest and most innocent generation. — FRANK FTASHNICK, WINNIPEG

TV and children

I am sure that many of your readers, their curiosity aroused by the most interesting and informative article by Sidney Katz based on Television in the Lives of Our Children (April 22), would like to know that the book itself is published in Canada by University of Toronto Press and available from their local bookseller. — HILARY S. MARSHALL, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS, TORONTO

The first portable church

The portable church at London, Ont., mentioned in Preview (April 8) is not the first in Canada. The British Columbia-Alberta District of the Lutheran Church of Canada built one in Edmonton well over 1½ years ago. When the present occupant (Gethsemane Lutheran Church) is strong enough to build its own structure, the portable church will also be moved to another location where a mission congregation has been organized. — JOHN NOVOTNEY, NORTH BATTLEFORD, SASK.

What's wrong with the railways

Your editorial criticism of railway management and unions (May 6) deals only with the effects and evades the cause of the financial situation. The real cause is federal and provincial government spending of billions of taxpayers' dollars on highways, airways, waterways and pipelines to take profitable business away from railways which still are essential and the most economic form of transportation with a minimum use of Canada's limited, most productive land. If the other forms of transportation were required to pay the total cost of the facilities they use, then there would be no railway problems. I respectfully suggest that you give the public both sides of the story. — JOS. CORBETT, LONDON, ONT. ★

JUST LOOK AT ALL YOU GET FROM FRIGIDAIRE*!

CHECK THIS LIST OF FRIGIDAIRE FEATURES AGAINST ALL OTHER MAKES

1) All Frigidaire Ranges have front frame opening for cleaning under range . . . all but one model with removable storage drawer. Do other makes have removable front panel or storage drawer on all models?
☑ FRIGIDAIRE / OTHER MAKE ☐

2) All Frigidaire Ranges have modern styling with flush-end, flush to wall fit. Do all models of other makes have this modern styling?
☑ FRIGIDAIRE / OTHER MAKE ☐

3) All Frigidaire Ranges have removable porcelain enamel drip bowls. Easy to clean and keep clean. Do other makes have removable drip bowls in all models?
☑ FRIGIDAIRE / OTHER MAKE ☐

4) With every Frigidaire Range, you're assured of Canada wide parts and service. Do other makes offer you this Canada wide guarantee of service?
☑ FRIGIDAIRE / OTHER MAKE ☐

5) In every Frigidaire Range, the best quality fibrous glass insulation completely surrounds oven. Are ovens in other makes completely insulated with fibrous glass material?
☑ FRIGIDAIRE / OTHER MAKE ☐

6) All Frigidaire Ranges are a product of General Motors — a name you *know* you can trust. Can that claim be made for any other make?
☑ FRIGIDAIRE / OTHER MAKE ☐

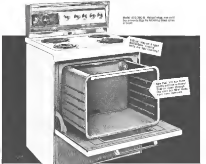
7) Frigidaire Ranges cost as little as $2.61 a week. Does any other range offer so many quality features for so little?
☑ FRIGIDAIRE / OTHER MAKE ☐

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE RANGES HAVE ALL THESE FEATURES!

(No wonder Frigidaire is worth more!)

Whatever the sales pitch you are given, you get only what you pay for! And with Frigidaire appliances, you simply get *more!* You get a product that's quality-built with more exclusive, top-quality features than any other on the market. With Frigidaire you get *all* the quality essentials and extras it's worth paying more for!

*SEE FOR YOURSELF AT YOUR DEALER'S — TODAY!


Model RDG-39C-61. Raised-edge, non-spill top prevents liquids dribbling down sides or front
Lift up, stay up hinged Radiantube cooking units are easy cleaning!
New Pull 'N Clean Oven slides out like a drawer. Easy to clean through the open top after racks have been removed

FRIGIDAIRE ADVANCED APPLIANCES DESIGNED WITH YOU IN MIND
A PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Electric Razor Users!
YOU GET A SHAVE THAT'S "RAZOR-BLADE CLOSE" WITH ANY ELECTRIC RAZOR

when you use williams
Lectric Shave
on your face beforehand!

Only williams makes
Lectric Shave

Whether you're using a new electric razor, or an old one—you need Williams Lectric Shave—Canada's favorite before-shave lotion. It does these three things for you:

1. Evaporates skin moisture to end razor drag.
2. Sets up your beard for a closer shave.
3. Lubricates your skin for a smoother, more comfortable shave.

Get Williams Lectric Shave. What a difference it makes!

Top off any shave with
williams Ice Blue AQUA VELVA
After-Shave Lotion

Enjoy a really different after-shave sensation. Use Williams Ice Blue Aqua Velva after every shave. Contains a wonderful skin conditioner. Has a clean, he-man scent ... you'll like it—she'll love it.

There's Something about an AQUA VELVA man!
AQUA VELVA

Mrs. Lane, the wife of a United Church minister in Toronto, believes it's the victories of the church that are hidden

FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT

GRACE LANE SAYS

Stop blaming the church for other people's failures

WRITERS, JOURNALISTS, and professors suffering from a sudden attack of "thinkalosis" ought to love the church. There it is, perpetually in the woodshed waiting to be walloped. It matters not the time or season; they can always find some reason to berate it.

If we as members concentrate on the mystic or pietistic aspects of religion, we're a perfect target. We are living in an unreal, irrelevant world. If, on the other hand, we urge (or worse still, participate in) vigorous social action that relates to war, politics, economics or education, then we should "stick to our lasts" and remember that we don't know about these things. If we set up certain behavior standards that preclude alcoholism, marital license and such, if we emphasize self-discipline and responsibility, we are dull "Puritans" — the modern dirty word. If we don't, "we can't be distinguished from the non-Christian community; we're just as secular in our values as they are" — and what good are we?

Well, one worm has turned. I'm *for* the church, and I submit that having been part of its life all my life I should know more about it than an outsider. Why would you send a man who can't keep a tune to report on a symphony? There are deep, rich veins of church life so little known to the secular observer that he can't appraise them.

We know our shortcomings

Lest the fact that I am "made" disqualify me on the grounds that I know nothing else, let me remark that I grew up in a divided household. Neither my cultivated literary grandmother, whose lawyer husband died before I was born, nor my business-man father ever went to church. They represented the secular point of view. Thank goodness my mother was a Puritan; she paid the bills and saw that I got to university. The theory that the rationalist has no sins at all and that the hedonist has none but the sins of the flesh, that he is a sweet guileless charmer when he is not running up bills or recovering from a binge, is just so much eyewash. And since when have integrity and fidelity and respect for hard work become worthless commodities?

No one would suggest that the church member is blameless. Indeed, parsons take a sadistic delight in dwelling on our shortcomings. A congregation is made up of people who aspire and who fail. But at least we do aspire. The man outside says, by implication, that he's getting along fine; he doesn't need any periods of moral and spiritual stocktaking. If he can criticize the rest of us, so much the better. It gives him a fine sense of superiority and at the same time absolves him from the *joe jobs* that church people carry on year after year with no fanfare. Come on, you agnostics, secularists, hedonists and what have you. Let's match accomplishments.

☐ We keep our homes together. The Rev. Crawley Krug and Judge Lorne Stewart of the Family Court and Violet Means of the Neighborhood Workers, all of Toronto, tell me that the number of people they see who have an active church connection is small — from five to twenty-five percent. Josie O'Brien of the Family Welfare Department of Saskatoon agrees. She and Mr. Krug come down for the smaller percentage. Miss Means, who sees the family problems before the bad breaks, and Judge Stewart, who deals with children in trouble, incline to the latter. Mary King, superintendent of child welfare for the B.C. government, will venture no statistics but writes: "I feel there is a substantial relationship between active attachment to the church and stability of home life, and thus freedom from trouble with the law."

All of them say that many families heading for trouble tend to drop their church connection. This is too bad; we need to be more sensitive to signs of distress. But note that it is the family that breaks the fellowship, not the congregation. If a man keeping a mistress feels uncomfortable in church, if this proves we are still righteous and uncharitable, then by the same token the Commonwealth should not have dropped the plumb line of racial equality that made South Africa withdraw from membership.

Obviously some of the family relationships inside any congregation are far from perfect, but at least seventy-five percent are good enough for the adults to stay married and the children to stay out of trouble with the courts.

Here are the comments of three Toronto ministers.

Dr. J. S. Leith of Humbercrest Church has about a thousand people who participate actively in the life of their church. In six years, only three of these homes have broken. Two of them have been reunited. "The church was the reconciling agency," he says. The Rev. Fern Mackay of Rosedale Presbyterian Church can recall only three divorces among his people during his nineteen years of pastoral work across Canada. Dr. J. Lavell Smith, who was superintendent of the Church of All Nations, reports that while lots of the couples who came to him to be married (just because he was handy)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

E D Loughney

A blunt and simple statement

"I would like to reiterate my endorsement of a pledge made by The British American Oil Company to the motorists of Canada many years ago:

'We will not permit a single competitor to make a better gasoline.'

"This pledge has always meant exactly what it says. It is a blunt and simple statement that our Company will always be in the forefront of product improvement and that we simply will not permit anyone to exceed us in product quality.

'There is not a single product improvement known to the petroleum industry that is not reflected in the formulation of B-A 88 and Velvet 98 gasolines.'

"Whether or not you are knowledgeable about recent advances in petroleum refining...whether you are enlightened or confused by claims and counter-claims...the important thing for you, as a buyer of gasoline, is to have a dependable and continuing yardstick of quality.

"We offer the B-A pledge as that yardstick—as precise and accurate a statement as when we first made it:

'We will not permit a single competitor to make a better gasoline.'"

THE BRITISH AMERICAN OIL
COMPANY LIMITED

B/A

E D Loughney
(PRESIDENT)

...clean across Canada

Model illustrated Dynamic 98 Convertible Coupe

A General Motors Value

zing!

Remember the thrill you got when you bought your very first car? It's yours all over again in any OLDSMOBILE. There's the pulse-quickening thrill to the surging smoothness of SKYROCKET engine power . . . there's the new "Fashion-Line" design with real zing — not only beautiful and modern, but with that extra sparkle and spice that promises so much to come . . . and there's Oldsmobile's distinctive interior to make you feel at home — relaxed and ready for the superlative ride that's ahead. Yes, indeed, Oldsmobile for '61 is a thrilling car — and there's one waiting for you now at your Oldsmobile Quality Dealer's.

Whitewall tires optional at extra cost

OLDSMOBILE 88·98–F·85

When a retarded child is born

Two unusual views of a mischance that can visit any family, but that many parents are now learning to face with new courage

Beginning on next page, in words and pictures

School for parents

A report on the first medical institute in Canada that studies retarded children and educates their parents — so that both may lead fuller lives

Beginning here

THE GIFT OF A DOOMED CHILD

Sonya Bixel's story of her daughter Karen, who was born retarded, spastic, and epileptic, and who "brought more good into this world in two years than some people may bring in forty times that long"

Lisa Karen

IT SNOWED the morning our second child was born. Unusual for April. But then Karen was an unusual baby. And she brought a precious gift to us. The doctors described her later as hopelessly retarded, spastic and epileptic. We know she was a blessing in disguise and brought more good into this world in two years than some people may bring in forty times that long.

Karen's delivery was difficult. She turned her head the wrong way just before she was born and cut off her oxygen. She was difficult to resuscitate. But when I saw her in the delivery room about half an hour later she looked fine to me. I kissed her and said she looked just like her sister Lisa, our first daughter, who was almost two — a bright and lovely child.

It was a couple of hours later that my husband told me the doctor had suggested we have our pediatrician take a look at Karen. Her muscle tone wasn't quite right, he said. I wasn't too worried. She was such a beautiful baby there couldn't be much wrong with her, I thought.

Our pediatrician examined Karen that evening but he wouldn't say anything definite about her condition. He told us she was very tense but he really couldn't know so soon and he wouldn't predict. "It looks like there's some pressure on her brain," he said, "but you never know. Sometimes the worst cases turn out perfectly all right."

That frightened me but I really didn't know what he meant. I wanted to see Karen again but they hadn't brought her for me to nurse. I kept asking different nurses to bring her to my room but when they went to get her they didn't come back. When she was twenty-four hours old and they still hadn't brought her to me, I got out of bed and hobbled up to the nursery.

"I'd like to see my baby," I said. "The name's Bixel and she's a girl."

The nurses at the desk looked evasive and worried. Finally one of them said, "Come over to the glass."

And so I saw Karen for the second time. She was in an incubator and she was screaming and rigid with tension. The nurse told me she'd been screaming for hours and she wouldn't take any food. I remember I said, "Has anybody else ever had a baby like this?" I don't know why I said that. Somehow it seemed to matter then.

That evening the doctor transferred Karen to the Hospital for Sick Children and told us she probably wouldn't live through the night. They couldn't manage to sedate her and she couldn't go on much longer the way she was. We waited and tried not to think. At first I didn't know whether to pray that she live or to pray that she die. I soon found the latter an impossibility anyway.

Karen was three days old when she finally slept under sedatives. They were giving her intravenous feeding and she wasn't going to die. Whether that was good or bad I didn't know, but I was glad.

I left the hospital the next day but Karen was thirteen days old when the doctor told us she could come home. She was taking formula from a bottle and we were to continue it, as it was too late then for me to start nursing her. I held Karen for the first time when we went to get her at the hospital. As the nurse handed my baby to me, she asked if we had CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

Learning from children, doctors teach parents

Dr Benjamin Goldberg, staff psychiatrist, gives his views on a month-old child brought in for assessment to the clinical director Dr S. J. Koegler (left) and Dr. Don Coates. They'll tell parents how much they can expect of their children.

New methods at first retardation clinic in Canada

UNTIL RECENTLY parents of retarded children in Canada were left pretty much on their own to make an agonizing decision. They could keep the child at home to face taunts of "idiot" and "stupid" from other children, or have it put away in an institution. Sometimes even a child with near normal intelligence ended up in custodial care because deafness or some deep emotional disturbance made it seem retarded.

Today, for at least some of these children, there is the beginning of a break in this pattern of tragedy. This is the Children's Psychiatric Research Institute at London, Ontario, where children with suspected mental deficiency are assessed for up to a month in a series of medical and psychological tests. So far the clinic's services are available only to children from southwestern Ontario, but they may serve as a model for similar institutions.

At the London institute specialists like the vigorous clinical director Dr S. J. Koegler talk to parents about their children. They discuss the cause of the child's retardation (known in about half the cases), its treatment, and special care (special schools and training improve the capacity of all but those with the lowest mental levels). Very occasionally — in less than three percent of cases — they are able to offer some hope of normal development.

Koegler spends as much as a day with the parents of each child. "We talk about attitudes of other children and whether home or hospital is the best answer for the child," he says. "The kids are usually happy enough — it's the parents who need help." Koegler and the superintendent, Dr D. E. Zarfas, are determined to undo the harm caused by thoughtless medical men, such as the doctor who advised the parents of a retarded child to "move downtown and hope it gets run over by a truck." Another doctor said: "Let's face it — your child's an idiot. She won't live to be five. I won't charge you anything. Good day." The girl is now eighteen.

Some fifteen thousand retarded children will be born in Canada this year, among them possibly three thousand uneducables, as children of the lowest intelligence are now called. The London institute can study only four hundred children a year. But that number of parents will, at least, know the capabilities of their children. And many of them will have the certainty of knowing, for the first time, whether their child should be kept at home or sent to an institution.

WILLIAM COLBORNE

Parents shepherd their child to the door of the research institute at London, Ont., where doctors will study his retardation.

Paul (below) likes playing games with Harry Soper, the man across the table. Soper, a psychologist, is really testing Paul's abilities. After about an hour the boy gets restless and joins the other children.

Helen (above) is a microcephalic; her brain was considerably below normal in size and capacity when she was born two years ago. The institute's doctors needed only a day to assess her mental potential.

Soper and teacher John Cox study a mongoloid child at play through closed-circuit television. Large groups of staff can thus observe a child without his being aware of — and upset by — their presence.

Fred, lying curled up on his bed, is a challenge to the staff. He's a deaf mute and it's hard to say whether he's also retarded. He is six. Emotionally disturbed, Fred often withdraws into a deep sleep.

Burglary by license

Commercial bailiffs do a messy job. When credit-buyers default, it's the bailiffs who put the arm on the goods. They're often charged — and convicted — of assault, but even the police encourage them to "steal" the goods they have a legal right to recover. Here's why

BY DERM DUNWOODY

OF THE MILLION CANADIANS who signed close to a billion dollars' worth of time-payment contracts last year, an uncertain but large number probably made the mistake of thinking they owned the goods they'd undertaken to pay for.

It was an easy mistake to make, since the clause that says the finance company owns the goods until the last payment is made almost always appears in very fine print indeed. A typical auto-finance contract reads, in part: "The title, ownership and right of property in and to the car shall remain in Seller until all amounts due hereunder or rearrangements thereof are fully paid in cash." Read or unread, the clause made a real difference only to the estimated seven thousand people who couldn't keep up their payments, broke their contracts and lost the goods they had "owned" to the real owners, the finance companies. They found, sometimes to their surprise, that the payments they had already made were lost too. Another clause reads: "Seller may retain all payments made by Purchaser as compensation for the use of the Car while in Purchaser's possession." And at least a few thousand of these people found that they had *apparently* lost the right to throw trespassers out of their own homes: "Seller or any sheriff or officer of the law may without notice . . . lawfully enter any premises where the Car may be found, and take possession of it."

A WARRANT'S NEEDED, BUT IT'S SELDOM SHOWN

Lawful or not, this is obviously an unavoidably messy job. Doing it in most provinces is the trade of commercial bailiffs. (In Quebec, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Newfoundland, repossessions are normally handled by court order, so that the question of trespass doesn't arise.) Commercial bailiffs in the other provinces have no legal standing beyond what they get from working for the owners of the goods they're hired to recover. In Ontario they work under a municipal license that requires every bailiff to be bonded to ensure responsibility for his acts. In Toronto the bond is $5,000, soon to be raised to a figure not yet determined. They are required to show identification and a bailiff's warrant (that seldom do until they have got past the debtor's door, for reasons that will soon be made clear) before they lay hands on any property.

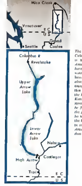
The warrant is simply a blue slip issued by the creditor, without recourse to any court authority, directing the bailiff to take possession of goods "under the terms of a certain conditional or chattel note . . . default having been made therein."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

THE GREAT COLUMBIA RIVER FOUL-UP

an international whodunit by Bruce Hutchison

The story so far: Canada and the U. S.
have signed a treaty to harness the Columbia.
But at the last minute, B. C. has vetoed the deal.
The industrial future of Western Canada
(and Ottawa's face in Washington)
hangs in the balance. What hold does B. C.
have over the federal government?
Can the treaty be saved? Read on



The rugged topography of British Columbia makes the river for which it is named one of the great North American power sources. Plans for harnessing a further 1½ million kilowatts on the U. S. side have collided, however, with the interests of residents along the lovely Arrow Lakes, a widening of the Columbia above its junction with its main Canadian tributary, the Kootenay. At first only part of the Kootenay valley and an unpopulated stretch of the Columbia valley were to be flooded. But that didn't fit in with the plans of Premier Bennett of B. C. So the three governments involved — the U. S., Canada and B. C. — agreed to use the Arrow Lakes as a reservoir. Area to be flooded by the High Arrow dam is shaded in detail map, left.

THE GOVERNMENTS of Canada and British Columbia were expected to start damming the Columbia River next autumn. Instead they have been damning each other with so much enthusiasm that North America's greatest international hydro-power scheme is stalled indefinitely.

At its beginning this quarrel concerned only some technical questions of finance, engineering design and electrical prices. But lately it has broadened out to involve one of the nation's fundamental policies, the control of an invaluable public resource and the future of western Canada's economy.

Until a many-sided dispute is settled the Columbia treaty between Canada and the United States, which was proudly acclaimed as the latest symbol of their ancient friendship, remains at the mercy of Premier W. A. C. Bennett's unilateral veto. On the other hand, Bennett's plans, stretching all the way from Alaska to California, can (and in at least some respects will) be vetoed by the federal government.

THREE POWERS HAGGLED OVER POWER

Whether the pieces of a vast jigsaw puzzle can be put together in time to satisfy the impatient Americans and save the treaty no one yet knows. At this writing Bennett is jubilant, the federal government fit to be tied and the United States utterly baffled by the family row in the house next door.

The Columbia story, as published in confusing fragments over a period of some three years, is quite incomprehensible. Taken as a whole it has elements of melodrama, tragedy and farce — a political whodunit of improbable plot and unknown ending.

Its opening can be roughly dated in the year 1944 when Canada began to consider seriously the exploitation of the Columbia, north of the international boundary, in partnership with the United States, where most of the river system lies. Last autumn the long negotiations between Ottawa and Washington produced a treaty approved by the Canadian, British Columbia and American governments. This triple agreement was essential because the Canadian government controls the flow of Canadian rivers across the boundary, the British Columbia government must approve any Canadian dams on the Columbia, and the United States must feel the downstream effects of such works.

Canada agreed to dam the Columbia system at three points: the Arrow Lakes, a swelling in the main stream near the border; Mica Creek, on the Big Bend north of Revelstoke; and Duncan Lake, on a tributary in the West Kootenay valley. Since these dams would tame one of America's wildest rivers, creating a gigantic reservoir on the Arrow Lakes and a second on the Big Bend, uncontrolled water now wasted at freshet times could be fed evenly throughout the year into American turbines south of the border. As a result, their output of electricity would be greatly increased at Canada's expense.

After a decade of haggling, the United States reluctantly agreed to share these "downstream benefits" with Canada on a fifty-fifty basis for the sixty-year life of the treaty. This cheap electricity, about 1,250,000 kilowatts, available about five years hence from the Arrow Lakes reservoir, would be wheeled back across the border for use mainly in the metropolitan area of Vancouver.

It would supply British Columbia's needs for a few years to come. By the time it was all in use the high master dam at Mica Creek would be complete, about a decade hence, and could provide on-site power for Canadian consumers equal in volume to the downstream benefits.

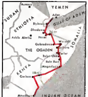
The United States won a major point in the bargain by gaining the right to build its long-sought Libby dam on the Kootenai (where the Kootenay River loops through U. S. territory and takes on a different spelling) and to flood 17,600 acres of land in British Columbia southeast of Cranbrook. Conversely, the Canadian dams would prevent flooding in the United States, which would pay Canada $64,400,000 for this benefit — a tidy sum in the total Canadian cost of nearly half a billion dollars.

That was a deal consummating more than a dozen years of international wrangling and it represented the largest power project in Canadian history. Understandably gratified by his government's diplomatic success, Prime Minister Diefenbaker hurried to Washington and there last January he and President Eisenhower signed the Columbia treaty amid torrents of commendation all over the continent. As usual, the two friendly nations of America had settled their arguments by sensible compromise. The editorial writers all agreed that Canada and the United States had set another example of good-neighborliness in a demented world.

OTTAWA PUT ITS NECK IN A NOOSE

Everything seemed to be in hand, but unfortunately the two eminent signatories in Washington misjudged the wizard of provincial politics in Victoria. Premier Bennett had approved the treaty in every respect. His experts had sat in with the federal government's negotiating team and at the last moment had insisted on changing the whole engineering design drastically to meet British Columbia's wishes. Against its own, the federal government agreed to flood the valley of the Arrow Lakes instead of the Kootenay valley to the eastward and thereby assured itself of serious political difficulty later on.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60



A young Canadian adventurer's African diary · Part IV (conclusion)

OUTCAST IN THE HORN OF AFRICA

Between Mombasa and Djibouti the tramp from Toronto never knew when the crowd in a bazaar would start throwing rocks at the back of his head. At last he beat his way to the Gulf of Aden, and took his last look at Africa from the deck of a dhow setting for Arabia

Last leg of Stollery's African Odyssey: after two years and 25,000 miles of deserts and jungles

BY PETER STOLLERY

I LEFT MOMBASA during Ramadan, which began that year in March. Ramadan is the month when Moslems fast, as the Koran says, "each day from the time when a white thread can be distinguished from a black one and until nightfall." I was heading up to Somaliland and Ethiopia from Kenya.

My first lift was from a Somali trader who was going up to Garissa, about a hundred miles from the border of what was then the Italian trust territory of Somalia. He was a Moslem, so we didn't stop for food all day. By the time night fell we had left the coastal jungles and were into semi-desert country. That morning I had had coffee in Mombasa — with its bars, modern shops, and sidewalks. That evening, after sunset, the Somali and I sat down on the dirt track beside the truck and had stew and tea.

Soon after sunrise we crossed a bridge over a dried-out stream. There was a barrier across the road. The truck rolled to a stop before the sign:

NORTHERN FRONTIER DISTRICT OF KENYA
CLOSED AREA
NO ENTRY WITHOUT A VALID PERMIT

On the other side of the barrier I could see Garissa.

This was the start of the Ogaden, which covers most of the Horn of Africa, including Somalia, British Somaliland and part of Ethiopia as well as much of Kenya. It is one of the wildest and most forbidding regions in the world, and I didn't have a permit.

Every year, on March 15, all tracks in the Northern Frontier District are closed to the public until May. Officially the rainy season has started, but it doesn't matter if it hasn't started to rain. No civilians are allowed through. Not only was I without the pass necessary even for the dry season, but I had arrived on the morning of March 15. I climbed down from the truck. One of the guards at the barrier took me along to see the district officer. He was the most miserable Englishman I've ever met.

Only a hundred miles remained between me and Italian territory, where I could travel without restriction. The last truck had gone through an hour before. The sun was blazing and the road was as dry as a bone. But it was closed. The DO told me that since I had no pass I shouldn't even have come to Garissa.

I explained that I hadn't had time to take the three weeks or so required to get a permit. If I went back I'd have to pay five pounds and take a five-day dhow ride up the coast to Somalia. By then the visa the Italian consul had given me would have expired. I was frantic. But the DO said, "Get on the first CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

W. O. MITCHELL breaks the conspiracy of silence that shrouds

THE SHOCKING TRUTH ABOUT THE UNDEFENDED BORDER

All the hushed-up facts are here, from the time the Mitchell boys tried to export Grandma, to the Abyssinian Banana Plant affair, the case of the glass boat's back end, and the strange circumstances surrounding the Jumping Beans

I WISH THAT Statesmen and Public Speakers (American and Canadian) would not keep on referring to the thousands of miles of unprotected border stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I was born and now live just north of it. This smooth statement is quite false. One way and another I have tried unsuccessfully to breach that border for almost forty years. Uniformed guardians in blue or khaki have repulsed me every time.

As a child in southern Saskatchewan I had a vague notion that there was a fence line running from sea to sea, dead straight along the bottom of British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, taking a southern jiggle down and around the Niagara Peninsula, then looping up rather unfairly under the throat of Quebec. I knew that it wasn't a picket fence or a barbed-wire fence, but probably an iron-pipe rail fence with quite sturdy cement posts every mile or so. When I was eight I discarded the fence concept as untenable; there was probably just a four thousand mile line like the blue line on the ice at the Weyburn Arena rink. Someone —Fat or Ike or Mate or Hodder—crossed it on a trip with his family and reported back to the rest of us that there was nothing at all to define it; the spear grass and crocuses were the same on either side; a gopher's squeak had identical impudence whichever side he was on; a meadowlark could drop his bright notes from a Canadian haystack and a moment later from an American fencepost; the coyote left a steer carcass on the North Dakota side to trot across to his Saskatchewan den with nothing to declare. North Portal and Portal were just one straddling town; one batch of children attended a school under the Union Jack and sang *God save our gracious King* while a few steps away another batch under the Star-Spangled Banner had swiped the very same tune and were singing *My country 'tis of thee* to it. Under these conditions it was difficult to take the border seriously, or to quench a faint distrust of anyone who would steal the tune of another country's national anthem. This might have explained the number of southern Saskatchewan youths, with patent-leather Valentino hair and bell-bottomed trousers, who drove yellow-wheeled McLaughlin Buicks over the border with cargoes of Scotch and rye and rum that must eventually have found their way to the warehouses of Al Capone. I was too young for this and before the Twenties were done there were no opportunities left in rumrunning for amateurs.

I think I was ten when I came to respect the border first; at that time I sent away to the States for a device called Ventrillo, which would fit under a boy's tongue and enable him to throw his voice. For weeks I badgered our postmaster and the express agent, who assured me again and again that Ventrillo had not arrived. They were telling me the truth, for in time I received a notification that a shipment was being held in bond for me at the border. It would be sent on when I had filled out the proper forms and paid the duty on it. When, with the help of my mother, my grandmother and my eldest brother, I had done this, Ventrillo arrived. It proved to be a thin and disappointing wafer of tin folded over with a hole punched in the middle. It fitted easily under the tongue all right but it did not assist you in throwing your voice at all. It simply made it possible for you to whistle without pursing your lips (which I could already manage) and to do bird calls if you practised to beat hell. In all fairness I did not (nor do I now) blame the Canadian Customs and Excise for my getting a whistling device instead of a ventriloquial aid, but I do wonder if it is not some childhood experience such as this that gave John Stuart Mill and Adam Smith and David Ricardo their initial shove down the road to Free Trade.

THE PLAINCLOTHES MEN COLLARED GRANDMA

Two years after Ventrillo I learned that it was just as difficult to beat the border one way as it was the other; the fall that I was twelve we tried to export my grandmother to Oceana, California. Actually we traveled with her, my mother, my two younger brothers and I, for Grandma was seventy-eight and her rheumatic right leg was encased in a metal brace from heel to hip. Without crutches or a cane and a pinching grip on the underarm flesh of a grandson she was quite immobile. To break the trip we had taken the boat from Vancouver to Seattle and during the two-hour stopover in Victoria my mother took my brothers and me to see the sights, leaving Grandma comfortably settled in a canvas chair on the upper deck of the boat.

We were no sooner on our carefree way when two plainclothes immigration men descended upon my grandmother. They asked her where she was from and she said she was traveling to her favorite niece's place in Oceana, which was just south of Pismo Beach where they had the clams and the abalones. Delighted that these two nice young men had come to visit an old lady sitting in the sun, she went on to explain to them that the niece was married to Will Clarke, who had been a piano tuner in the organ factory at Goderich but now ran a dance pavilion and she had herself come west from Huron County, with her son Will and her husband John MacMurray, in '98, traveling from Moosomin by buggy to their homestead stakes where they had built a sod hut and been hailed out and droughted out and rusted out and wasn't that an awful winter of '06 and '07! My grandmother was quite cavalier about time at this time of her life so that she skipped with ease from the nineteenth to the twentieth century and the immigration men got the impression that she was a prairie Kallikak living in a sod hut on harsh land that had not yielded a crop in the past fifteen years. They therefore took the crippled old lady who wanted to get to California and see real oranges and lemons and grapefruit growing on a live tree before her time had come —and put her in bond.

SHE DID WELL IN THE SMOKER

We returned from the swimming pool beside the Empress Hotel to find ourselves charged with attempting to breach the Anti Grandmother Dumping Law; the undercover immigration men had foiled us before we could cross the line and leave the destitute old lady to starve to death on Pismo Beach (with that leg she couldn't dig clams) or become a ward of the American government. It took us three days to clear Grandma, but a notarized financial statement from her bank, running to five figures, accomplished her freedom. The three-day delay meant that we boarded the train in Seattle without berths. Mother obtained an upper for my two brothers and me so that we slept to Los Angeles with head and feet alternating sardine fashion. Mother and Grandma, however, spent their two nights in the smoker, which made mother ill for she could not stand the bitterness of shoe polish. It did not seem to bother Grandma too much, for when the porter was finished doing his dozen or so pairs of shoes she played casino most of the CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

A Canadian battalion, packing Lee-Enfields rather than the Ross rifles the men were equipped with but wouldn't use, goes over the top in World War I

THE MISFORTUNES OF WAR

THIS LIFETIME IN CANADA

The best of Ralph Allen's remarkable new book,

ORDEAL BY FIRE

The Ross: it was an excellent sporting rifle but it couldn't stand up to the hard use of war. Men threw it away in action rather than be found dead with it. To Hughes, it was perfect

Half heroic and half preposterous, Minister of Militia (1911-16) Sam Hughes built, championed and tyrannized the Canadian Army until two scandals cut him down. One was a munitions fraud, in which other men prospered. One was the Ross rifle fiasco, in which other men died

Ross he invented

Borden he wavered

Yoakum he profited

By Ralph Allen

TO MOST OF THE CANADIANS who can remember him for themselves the palmy years of Colonel Sam Hughes were half heroic and half preposterous In his more blustery and grandiose moods the man who as minister of militia built championed and tyrannized over the Canadian Army of 1914, 1915 and 1916 bore an unmistakeable resemblance to W C Fields in the role of a Mississippi gambler But in times of crisis he was capable of his own kind of dignity, coupled with an extraordinary degree of loyalty Often the second quality coupled with Hughes unbounded stubbornness, spilled over into foolhardiness

It was through two examples of his excessive and misplaced loyalty — one to a man and one to a weapon — that his fantastic career finally came to an end. In both cases there was a tumult of scandal and public outery, although Hughes personal honesty was not involved The stakes in one imbroglio were money, and in the other lives.

In the early months of the war Hughes had created a munitions buying and manufacturing complex called the Shell Committee. It was characteristic of his love of military clanking that he put the enterprise under the direction of a handful of honorary colonels.

Hughes' most favored honorary colonel was not a member of the Shell Committee but a sort of freelance commission agent J Wesley Allison had come to Canada from Ohio as a contractor He had done well in many things but in none so well as in making a friend of the editor from Lindsay, Ontario With Sam's sponsorship behind him Allison went into the buying of arms with a status resembling that of a Chosen Instrument

The Shell Committee's chief job was to obtain munitions mostly for Britain in Canada and the United States On some if not all of the half billion dollars' worth of orders he placed Allison collected commissions Everything he did was within the law and was made much simpler by the prevailing air of confusion and subterranean haste

Finally in the second year of the war the Liberal opposition got wind of Allison's activities and launched a massive assault against him and through him against Sam Hughes and the government

The ground was well prepared by a former Laurier cabinet minister, William Pugsley and two fellow MPs Frank B Carvell and G W Kyte They had not only found out where the body was buried, they had seen it. Carvell accomplished this by going to New York and hiring a lawyer and a private detective The detective, in the best cloak-and-dagger tradition broke into the offices of the New York commission broker through whom Colonel Allison and the Shell Committee placed some of their largest American orders. Reinforced by the resulting evidence William Pugsley read the main indictment to the House of Commons Carvell and Kyte spelled him off in reciting the particulars The indictment was this Members of the Shell CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

The parks department is spending twelve million dollars to make St. Helen's Island (above) in the St. Lawrence a paradise for Montreal's young fry

SHOWBUSINESS NOTE FROM MONTREAL

The parks are busting out all over

BY ANNE MACDERMOT
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON NEWLANDS

Montrealers and tourists are treated to art shows in midtown Dominion Square. Here paintings are laid out on the grass before a display is opened

IN MONTREAL THIS SUMMER the air will be hot and grimy, as usual, and as usual a Montrealer afoot on hot and grimy Dorchester Boulevard will seldom be farther than the next lamp post from a basket of flowering pink geraniums. If geraniums aren't enough to lift his spirits, he'll be a few steps away from a painting and sculpture salon among the elms of Dominion Square, and if he's on his way downtown he'll pass among blooming lilacs when he crosses Place d'Armes.

These splashes of color in the city streets are advance agents for an irrepressible parks system that draws Montrealers for the same reason Broadway draws first-nighters: if they stay away there's always the chance they'll miss the liveliest show in town. The bill includes a theatre on wheels, a puppet theatre, a théâtre-de-poche called La Poudrière, a mountain symphony, mountain hi-fi concerts, mountain theatre, Theatre under the Trees, bloom displays at the Botanical Garden, a sport centre and much more.

This running variety show plays a circuit that rings the island of Montreal and takes in St. Helen's Island, a little park in the harbor. St. Helen's is linked with Montreal and the south shore by the Jacques Cartier bridge; its far shore nudges into the angle made by the St. Lawrence Seaway. On a summer weekend it draws a hundred thousand visitors, but it is only one of Montreal's park attractions.

In the city of Montreal there are 335 green spaces; 206 of them are parks or partly developed parks and 115 are playgrounds. Municipalities like Westmount, Outremont, Verdun and the Town of Mount Royal run their own parks — about forty of them — but the largest tracts of parkland belong to the city. They stretch from 560-acre Maisonneuve Park in the eastern reaches of the city, site of the Botanical Garden, municipal golf course and new sport centre, westward to a 260-acre tract labelled Angrignon that is intended for a zoo second only in size to London's. In between there are

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

A sternwheeler ripples across one of the lagoons in LaFontaine Park, which also offers visitors a children's zoo, fountains and a fleet of gondolas

Another LaFontaine Park attraction is La Roulotte (right), a trailer theatre. At Fletcher's Field (below) a band provides outdoor evening concerts

The year turns but the parks are still in season for kids, calèches, dancers

ONTINUED FROM
PREVIOUS PAGE

On the slopes of the mountain kids play ball in a field; farther up a calèche winds its way to the top from which cars have long been barred

On top of the mountain, in the heart of the city, there's skiing in winter. In the summer there's a hi-fi concert, a theatre or just plain walking.

At Maisonneuve Park, largest in Montreal, there's indoor fun and games in the new sport centre. In the spring and summer, there's a wealth of flowers.

such famous open areas as LaFontaine Park (an estimated 200,000 people live within a mile of it) and Fletcher's Field. Over them all looms Mount Royal, a piece of park real estate that compares with Vancouver's Stanley Park, Toronto's High Park and New York's Central Park — except that unlike them it rises steeply in the middle of the city, raising controversial traffic-vs-scenery problems.

Montreal has more than 3,000 acres in parkland, or 9 percent of the city's space. This is a little more than Toronto's figure (8.2 percent) and less than Vancouver's (10.3 percent). The Canadian cities are better off than either New York or London, which have 4 percent each, but don't touch Paris's 26 percent. The Montreal parks department would like to reach Washington's 15 percent.

Much of the animation in Montreal's parks system dates from the regime of Claude Robillard, an engineer who left the department not long ago to become the city's director of planning. His successor, Bernard Hogue, a lawyer who had been his deputy, was appointed parks director in March. Three weeks later, in April, Hogue died.

When Robillard was appointed the city's first parks director eight years ago, wildflowers were growing between the walls of a half-built restaurant on St. Helen's Island. Forty thousand tons of sand had failed to make a beach for swimming and the city had no pools to substitute for it. On Mount Royal an 80-year-old master plan had kept cars off, but for years no one had been able to agree on what to do with the mountain park and it was going to seed. The Botanical Garden was a derelict. A fine set of plans had been dropped during a broken history of war and depression, and the garden had become a research lab for botanists.

The new look began with St. Helen's Island: new access roads, woodland trails and paths by the water; a new restaurant, the Helene de Champlain, which has a formal dining room, candlelight, good service, and a terrace overlooking the St. Lawrence, as well as art shows in the foyer.

An enterprising theatre company, La Poudrière, has taken over an old fortress on St. Helen's Island where they stage plays in any of several languages. The massive powderhouse, built by the British in 1812, lends atmosphere to works in Italian, German, French and English. This is the company's repertoire so far, but they say they can CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

DAN PETRIE,
the "underground railway" from Canada to Broadway

The local boy from Glace Bay, N.S., who is now a New York and Hollywood director, admits that he likes to hire Canadians not only because they're good but also because they are Canadians, like him

By Jacqueline Moore

CANADIAN ACTORS have lately seemed to have two main chances of reaching the big money in the U.S. — high talent or Dan Petrie (or both). An amiable former radio announcer from Nova Scotia, Petrie is today a director of U.S. television, stage and movie drama who persistently hires Canadian actors despite a U.S. union ban on foreigners who are not stars.

In the last few years Petrie has beaten the embargo for players like William Shatner, Douglas Campbell and Christopher Plummer by booking them in New York at prices that made them stars whether anybody had ever heard of them or not. His production of Mark Twain's The Prince and the Pauper, starring Campbell and Plummer, won U.S. television's Christopher Award for 1957 and made it easier for him to hire actors like Robert Goodier, Barry Morse, Donald Harron, Neil Vipond and John Colicos for other top-rated American shows.

Petrie is a Canadian citizen who looks on his native Glace Bay as he says "the real world." "I seek Canadians out," he says, "and I'm proud of their achievements. I've always been anxious to show the world what good actors we have." He stands by this appraisal although he has directed such theatrical legends as Helen Hayes, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Robert Morley, rising young stars like Julie Harris, Jason Robards Jr. and Susan Strasberg, and Hollywood headliners like Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman.

A wiry man with light brown hair and baby-blue eyes, Petrie looks younger than his forty years. He has a young man's ambition, and once turned down $36,000 to direct a television series because he thought the first script was "junk." When he was earning close to $40,000 a year in television he quit to direct a Broadway play that flopped. He directed a bad movie, The Bramble Bush, in order to get the chance to direct a good one, A Raisin in the Sun, which has been picked as the U.S. entry in the Cannes Film Festival. Recently he turned

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

KODAK 1961 Cameraland

All Canada is a "happy hunting ground" for your exciting new Kodak camera!

Newest and greatest value! New Kodak Automatic 8 Movie Camera takes beautifully clear color movies — automatically! Built-in "electric eye" sets lens for you. Built-in filter, too ... $56.50

Visit "Kodak 1961 Cameraland" at your dealer's now. See how inexpensively you can enjoy "automatic" picture taking!

Makes 35mm photography more automatic than ever! Kodak Automatic 35 Camera with f/2.8 lens and electric eye that sets correct exposure automatically ... $98.50.

Most compact flash camera from Kodak. The Brownie Starmite will go anywhere you go. Takes excellent pictures indoors or out, day or night ... $12.95

At stores where you see the Kodak Cameraland Girl

Budget-priced projector shows your movies big and clear. The Brownie 8 Movie Projector is lightweight and compact. Automatic threading is simple and fast ... $64.50

Lowest-priced movie camera in Kodak history! The Brownie 8 Movie Camera f/2.7 makes movies as inexpensive and as easy as snapshots. Just dial, aim, shoot ... $29.95

Prices are suggested list and subject to change without notice.

See Kodak's "The Ed Sullivan Show" on CBC TV Network

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, Toronto 15, Ontario

Kodak
—a trademark since 1888

For that
red-letter day
the blue ribbon
CHAMPAGNE!

When it's her birthday,
or the anniversary of the time
you first met, or the *big* anniversary
... whenever it's a celebrated occasion,
celebrate with President ...
Canada's *prize* Champagne!
You can pay more, a lot more, for
Champagne. But you can't get more value.
Bright's President Champagne is
dual-fermented in the bottle like all the
great Champagnes of Europe.
President Champagne is a wine
you'll be delighted to taste
and proud to serve.

Bright's
FINE CANADIAN Wines
SINCE 1874

down a $100,000 offer to direct one film a year. Instead he hopes to make an independent low-budget movie in New York this summer.

Even at $50,000 a year in New York show business, Petrie shows a streak of Glace Bay again and again.

Once, minutes before air time on a network TV live drama, the leading actor was taken ill. In the crucial countdown while the sponsor's man contemplated suicide, Petrie jumped up from his director's chair, ordered the make-up man to transform him into a 67-year-old farmer, clipped a receiving set to his belt, and prepared to speak the actor's first lines. In what was to become one of television's most famous improvisations Petrie told another actor to comment on the farmer's deafness, thus explaining the plug in his ear and the small black box at his waist.

As the play progressed, Petrie got his lines through the receiving set. He got everything else, too — all control-room instructions to the cameramen and a babble of technical jargon. Relying on his memory and what he could hear, Petrie got through the first half of the show without fumbling. But when the action called for him to enter a tent, he was in trouble.

"It was like what happens to your car radio when you go into a tunnel," he recalls. "The canvas cut out the receiver. I couldn't hear a word." Petrie ad-libbed the rest of the scene and no one outside the studio knew anything was wrong.

Along with his small-town toughness, though, Petrie still has some of the overheated imagination of the boy who one winter sat through more movies than any other citizen of Glace Bay. Richard Egan, who worked with him in his first movie, The Bramble Bush, recalls, "I did this scene, and I looked over to Dan for approval. He was crying. Real tears. My God! I'd never had that happen before."

Petrie's second film is expected to establish him as one of the best new directors in the business. A Raisin in the Sun, adapted for the movies by Lorraine Hansberry from her Broadway play, which won the 1959 Drama Critics Circle Award, is concerned with the efforts of a Negro family in Chicago's Black Belt to improve their lives. Miss Hansberry is colored; with one minor exception the cast is colored. On Broadway the director too was colored. Many people felt that Petrie's white, Anglo-Saxon background would hurt the film. But Sidney Poitier, who stars in the movie as he did in the play, says it's "the best movie I ever made. The entire thing was an experience rather than a performance."

Petrie and his wife Dorothea live in the three-bedroom house they bought in 1955. The stucco-and-brick bungalow is in Ardsley, one of the less fashionable sections of Westchester, about forty minutes by car from Manhattan. "For Westchester, it's middle class," says Petrie. "But in Glace Bay it would be upper class." The family car is a Chevrolet station wagon and Petrie buys his suits off the rack at department stores. He invests his savings in non-speculative stocks and bonds. "The only difference in our lives," says his wife, "is that now when we *have* to go to Sardi's, we get a decent table. For years we used to be led to a table next to the kitchen door."

Petrie's first stop between Glace Bay and Sardi's was a four-year scholarship at St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish. In 1942 he joined the Canadian Army and was soon injured overseas — he was thrown off a motorcycle in England and began to suffer severe back pains. Eventually both his kidneys were operated on and he spent seven months in hospital. He was discharged from the army with a fifty percent disability pension which he still receives. He went back to Antigonish, where a radio station — CJFX — had been started.

The station hired him as part-time announcer, one of the few jobs he could handle — he had to be careful stepping off a curb because of the agonizing jar in his kidneys each time his foot hit the pavement. From here Petrie went to Columbia University in New York to study education and communications. As his health improved he went after a part-time job. One of his instructors was Dr. Lyman Bryson, who was moderator for a CBS program that dealt with great books. Petrie asked Bryson if he could help him get a job at CBS. Bryson passed him to Earl Magill at CBS.

"Magill didn't know what to do with me," says Petrie. "He sent me to see Herman Shumlin, who was casting a play. Shumlin's office was packed with guys who looked like me, and I realized we were all auditioning for the same role. After I'd read a couple of scenes Mr. Shumlin said, 'I like that very much. You'll be hearing from us.' I figured it was just a polite way to brush me off." Within a couple of days Petrie had been hired at $75 a week to be Dennis King Jr.'s brother in a play called Kiss Them for Me with Judy Holliday and Richard Widmark. "I'd been looking for a part-time job and I'd landed on Broadway."

Kiss Them for Me opened on March 18, 1945. In the audience was a tall blonde named Dorothea Grundy whom Petrie had met at Columbia. "Many of the guys were taking courses to make contacts," he says. "It seemed to me that Dottie and I were the only ones interested in learning. I used to see a lot of her but I never thought of her in a romantic way. After all, she's five ten and a half and I'm only five eight."

The caller was Billy Rose

The show lasted for about three months, during which Petrie decided that New York was his town and theatre his trade. Making the rounds as an actor he quickly discovered that his first Broadway appearance had been a fluke. No one was looking for a young man who looked like Mickey Rooney, as Petrie then did.

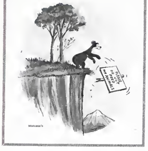
"By this time," Petrie says, "Dottie was beginning to look a little smaller to me. When a show I was in played Chicago I flew to her home in Oklahoma City over a weekend and we got married. I was earning $75 a week, very good money by my standards. But the show folded. Now I was out of work and married. I had my master's degree from Columbia and when Northwestern University asked me to teach a drama class, I accepted."

In 1950 NBC offered him an assistant directorship in Chicago and he was out of the academic world for good. At NBC he was given Studs' Place, a weekly drama show set in a seedy restaurant, to direct on his own. One day while Petrie was eating lunch at his desk in the NBC building, his phone rang. A voice said, "This is Billy Rose." It got no further. Petrie could recognize a practical joke when he heard one. "And I'm Louis B. Mayer," he said.

It was Billy Rose. He wanted to know if Petrie could come to New York to discuss directing a proposed half-hour weekly anthology to be called The Billy Rose Show. NBC's neophyte director caught the next plane to New York.

After the first show had got good notices, Rose called the young man to his side, looked up at him and said, "Kid, I want to tie you to my umbilical cord. I'm going to give you a firm contract for 26 shows at $350 a week." Petrie didn't realize that the going rate was $500. Later, when he'd learned the ropes, he asked for a raise. Rose protested. "A deal's a deal," he said. When the Rose series ended, Petrie was hired to direct The Robert Montgomery Show, an experience that ended in disaster and caus-

JASPER By Simpkins



A *ghost town*, desolate and decayed, today remains a symbol of the "strike-it-rich" myth. Yet this myth persists. Some people still stake their savings on dreams of a "quick killing" or on promises of financial gains based on the stock market's best performance. Then when money is badly needed for family protection or retirement, they're shocked to find that their investment hasn't "paid off".

Is it "inflation" talk that makes people take such chances? Is it true that life insurance is less valuable in time of inflation? What are the facts?

(1) *Inflation is never here to stay.* Living costs rise and fall in cycles.
(2) *If* inflation shrinks your dollar, life insurance will answer the challenge — dividends will steadily increase the face value of your policy in event of death — they will also steadily increase the cash value of your policy if you live to retirement.
(3) You pay for life insurance over many years — not in one lump sum. So *if* the value of your dollar declines, you are then paying for insurance protection in these *devalued* dollars.
(4) Life insurance, in addition to the protection it provides, is *safe savings*. It guarantees the income you select.
(5) Real estate, common stocks, etc., *aren't* a guaranteed hedge against inflation. Statistics prove investment markets can decline at the same time that living costs rise.

By all means consider *other* forms of investment — after you have provided for *enough* permanent life insurance. How much is enough? Only you can decide, with the help of a man trained and experienced in family protection and retirement planning. The man with the Plan is your Confederation Life representative. See him ... soon!

Enough Life Insurance ... the solid foundation of any investment plan

One of a series of messages designed to remind Canadians of important economic facts

Confederation Life
ASSOCIATION
HEAD OFFICE: 321 BLOOR ST. E., TORONTO

"PERFECT MILDNESS IN YOUR PIPE"

Brahadi's

Brahadi's smoking tobacco is a special "Cavendish" blend of Mild tobaccos. Comfortably satisfying ... a mild smoking tobacco with a delightful aroma.

50¢ for 2 ounces
Suggested Price, Plus provincial tax where applicable
Also available in vacuum packed half pound tin

101 2

SKILLFULLY MARRIED

When fully matured, the whiskies for Wiser's 101 are taken out of small oak barrels for blending, then returned to the same barrels for an additional lengthy period. This is known as the "marrying" period in which Wiser's 101 slowly reaches perfection in character, flavour and smoothness. This costlier marrying is what makes Wiser's 101 the smoothest 6 year old whisky you can buy.

Wiser's 101

CANADIAN WHISKY AGED 6 YEARS IN WOOD

ed him to feel his first disillusion with the glamorous world of show business.

"I lasted exactly two shows," says Petrie. "And then I was fired. I made the mistake of calling Mr. Montgomery 'Bob.' He gave me such an icy glare I never did it again. After the second show he called me into his office and asked me if I could see any reason why we should continue our relationship. I had a very hot temper in those days. I blew my top and stormed out."

But other producers soon discovered his abilities. During the Fifties he directed, at one time or another, most of the big drama shows on U.S. television. As his reputation increased he began to have misgivings about the medium. They reached a head when CBS, preparing to launch a mystery series called Climax, asked him to direct the whole series for $36,000 and an all-expense-paid move to the west coast. The Petries were living with their two small sons in a pleasant apartment in Peter Cooper Village in New York. They packed their possessions and prepared to leave for Hollywood. At this point the first Climax script arrived in the mail. Petrie read it with horror.

"I won't do this junk," he told his wife. "We're going to cancel the whole thing." Keeping Dan's integrity cost the Petries more than $36,000: their apartment had been rented so they had to get out. Their possessions went into storage and they moved into a modest hotel while Dottie tried to find them a new flat.

Petrie was now ready for the chance at Broadway that came soon afterward. He had met playwright Sol Stein, who asked him to read a play he'd written, a thinly disguised version of the Whittaker Chambers-Alger Hiss case. Petrie told Stein what he thought was wrong with it. Stein rewrote his play and took it to producer Roger Stevens, who said he was interested. Stein agreed to let Stevens have the play on one condition: "The guy who helped me fix it must direct it."

"It was very loyal of Sol," says Petrie. "I wasn't crazy about the play but I felt that since he had taken a chance on me with Stevens—after all I'd never done a Broadway play before—I couldn't do anything but go along with him." Roundly panned in Washington, A Shadow of My Enemy opened in New York in December 1957 to mixed notices—but two of the bad reviews appeared in the Times and the Herald Tribune. "If you don't get those two you're dead," Petrie explains. "We lasted five performances." The director emerged rather well from the débâcle. Wolcott Gibbs, the late critic for The New Yorker, singled out his work for special praise, as did the critic for the New York Mirror.

Out of the blue Petrie was sent the stage adaptation of The Disenchanted, Budd Schulberg's novel about F. Scott Fitzgerald. He auditioned for co-authors Harvey Breit and Budd Schulberg and producer William Darrid. After a meeting that lasted five hours, he was told, "You're it, Dan." For months he worked with Breit and Schulberg to smooth out wrinkles in the script. He spent hours auditioning actors. Finally he went into rehearsal with Jason Robards Jr. as the Fitzgerald character and Rosemary Harris in the part of Zelda Fitzgerald. The authors were rewriting two lines behind him.

"There wasn't a line Rosemary Harris didn't object to," Petrie says. "We stopped every five minutes for a discussion of the script." Rehearsals crawled. One Saturday at midnight Petrie got a phone call from a friend. "You're in for the axe," the friend told him. "I think you should do something about it."

He did something immediately. He called producer Bill Darrid at home and arranged to meet him Monday morning. Over coffee Darrid assured him he had nothing to worry about. A week later Darrid told Petrie he was through. The producer said his partner was getting panicky, that the play was not going well, that the actors would refuse to come to rehearsals unless he were replaced.

Richard Burton, who respects Petrie as a director, thinks he probably wasn't ruthless enough. "Some American actors need to be told everything," Burton says. "The whole director-actor relationship is like psychoanalysis for them. I'd hate it myself but some actors seem to need it."

At this low point in his career Petrie got a call from Hollywood producer Milton Sperling asking if he would direct The Bramble Bush, a movie with Richard Burton and Barbara Rush. Petrie returned home to New York with The Bramble Bush, as he thought, finished. But the studio had other ideas. The movie, dealing timidly with euthanasia, included a fairly long trial scene in which the moral implications of mercy killing were superficially argued. After Petrie had left Hollywood this scene was cut to ribbons so that no one could possibly be offended by it. Despite its lush mediocrity The Bramble Bush has made more than $5,000,000 so far for Warner Bros.

The Big Bear was hungry

Its director might have been doomed to a succession of million-dollar marshmallows if he hadn't been told by a friendly secretary (and all secretaries are friendly to Petrie) that the directorial assignment for A Raisin in the Sun was open.

"Why don't you beard Big Bear in his den?" the secretary asked Petrie. Big Bear—producer David Susskind—was not in his den when Petrie looked in, so he sat down and wrote Susskind a letter that began, "I am a hungry fighter ..." Then, fulfilling a promise to his wife, he left for a European holiday.

Susskind says the letter made such an impression on him that he phoned Petrie in Europe to tell him he had the job. "I couldn't turn Dan down," he says. "After all, I was a hungry producer by movie standards. We were, ever."

At forty Petrie faces a difficult decision. More and more television dramas are being taped in Hollywood and most movies are made there. It seems obvious he will have to make the move unless he chooses to remain a long-distance commuter.

He has been to California several times. At first the climate, the scenery and the easy living almost convinced him that he could be happy there. But subsequent trips ended the infatuation.

"I found myself being influenced by Hollywood standards even though I didn't want to be," he says. "The house we rented while I made The Bramble Bush had the usual swimming pool, but it also had a dressing room for Dottie and one for me. There was a sundeck on the roof and a palm by the pool. If I counted properly it had six bathrooms. And my shower had four spigots so that the water hit you at four different levels. I knew it was going to be tough to go back to our own house in New York and wait in line for the sink."

This is not the sort of hothouse living the Petries want for their four children—or for themselves. They're going to stay where they are—and as they are—for as long as they can. It may prove impossible, and if Dan Petrie is forced finally to move to Hollywood, that city of ersatz emotion and synthetic sun will have a hard time fitting the man from Glace Bay into its type-cast community. ★

CANADA'S FASTEST GROWING ALE BECAUSE IT HAS
SPIRIT!
Brisk, bright... alive with life
Labatt's
50
ALE
...the spirited ale!
LABATT'S
ALE!

Setting new standards for your comforts of life

the only mark you'll see on this tub

Long after her first date, the only mark on this tub will probably be the American Standard "mark of merit." For all our tubs are children proof, stay new looking and colour fresh. This "mark of merit," on bathtubs leaving our Toronto plants, is your assurance of bathroom furnishings you will be proud to own, even after the children are grown and gone.

new way to move air

Modern sculpture? In a way, yes! It is one of the special blades on American Standard Airfoil Fans. These new fans are manufactured in our Windsor plant to move air on commercial or industrial jobs. Unique "Airfoil" design allows the blade to pick up air smoothly, move it with less power. This not only cuts down on noise—but costs as well.

how to hide heat—and enjoy it, too

In modern offices and fashionable apartments, American-Standard Heatrim makes warmth more enjoyable. New Heatrim hides neatly along the base of the wall. But you feel Heatrim's presence. It delivers more heat from less feet. Therefore, it is among the least expensive. Heatrim is a product of one of our Toronto plants.

AMERICAN-Standard

SETS THE STANDARD

[illegible]

American-Standard Products (Canada) Limited, 1201 Dupont Street, Toronto 4, Ontario

For your free booklet "All the Comforts of Home", write to 1201 Dupont Street, Toronto 4, Ontario

4393

Outcast in the Horn of Africa

Continued from page 16

truck back to Mombasa or I'll have you arrested."

I went over to the police office and told an Indian inspector my troubles "Look," he said "I doubt if that last truck that went through has passed our police post near the border They have a radio there. I'll tell them to hold the truck Then you hire a Land Rover to take you up." After a lot of grumbling but with the policeman on my side the DO finally consented to the idea.

Down in the village the news of my problem had got around The rental charges on Land-Rovers shot up I was cornered and they knew it Finally for four pounds, one of the Somali traders produced a pretty dilapidated machine and we set off for I then the police post

I had thought the truck would be driven by Africans But when we arrived at the tin huts that served as a police post I could see two Italians lying underneath their truck I explained why they had been kept waiting and they said it was all right They would give me a lift to Mogadiscio 350 miles away

There was no barrier at the border itself The thorn trees are cut down in a straight line as far as the eye can see Only a rickety old sign says ITALIAN SOMALILAND. Customs and immigration were at the first village seventy miles farther on.

Photographers aren't welcome

The Somali is altogether different from the Bantu or West African When you cross from southern Kenya to the land of the Somalis there is as much change of race as there is any between Canadians and Pakistanis The Bantu are rather merry and friendly people. Somalis are inclined to be clannish even hostile They are quick tempered and it doesn't do to fool around with them Many of them absolutely refuse to have their pictures taken They feel that a picture is a graven image and as such is forbidden by the Koran

The immigration inspector was an Italian-speaking Somali One of my new-found Italian friends asked him if I could take a picture of his family After a great deal of persuasion he brought out his wife and children They lined up He yelled at his wife as she modestly kept trying to cover her face Then while he pinched the cheek of one of his little girls to make her look up I took the picture But they weren't very happy about it

It took a couple of days to get to Mogadiscio The rains had started and for a whole day we went through miles of mud.

It was night when we did arrive I had nowhere to sleep but one of the Italians had a friend who owned a restaurant I spent the night on the floor in the kitchen

In Kenya, I had made friends with a couple of Italians They wanted to come to Ethiopia with me and we had arranged to meet in Mogadiscio the capital of Somalia The day after I got there I started looking for them First I went to all the hotels and rooming houses I could find Then I tried the restaurants In the afternoon as I was walking dejectedly down a road a couple of urchins came up to me yelling, "Canadese! Canadese!"

I was puzzled but I followed them We went clear across town to the Somali and Arab quarter and stopped in front of a dirty looking whitewashed building. It had a sign on it Leone d'Oro — the Golden Lion One of the urchins hauled me through a door at the back of the restaurant There sure enough, lying on a pallet and looking very glum, was my friend Alfredo Mangardi His brother Giulio walked in a few minutes later It was Giulio who had organized the urchins to look for a blond white man with a long beard and dirty shorts.

When the Italians held Ethiopia, Somalia, and Eritrea on the Red Sea Mussolini had the idea of joining Asmara the capital of Eritrea with Addis Ababa and Mogadiscio by a road It was to be called the Strada Imperiale the Imperial Road Even before he conquered Ethiopia in 1936 he had the road built from Mogadiscio to the border of Ethiopia ready for the invasion It is a magnificent paved road but the Italians never had time to finish it and it stops just over the border A bus goes up as far as Belet Uen twenty five miles from the border One morning we threw our gear up on the roof of the bus and set off along the Imperial Road

The bus was a converted truck with no battery At noon we made a lunch stop at Bulo Burti more to cool off the engine than anything else To get the bus started again all the passengers had to push till the engine turned over Leaving Bulo Burti I was in the front chatting with the driver Suddenly there was a great commotion in the back The passengers were all shouting. I could see several people punching some poor fellow who was leaning out the window

The driver stopped Then he went back and grabbed the fellow and smacked him a few times. The driver came back and explained. It seems that the bus had driven past the poor devil's stop He hadn't thought to ask the driver to let him off—he was just going to jump It didn't reach him at all that we were going forty miles an hour and that he might get hurt The driver told me that sort of thing happened quite often He had to keep a sharp eye on his passengers Some of them had stepped out the window and been killed They simply didn't understand speed They spent most of their lives walking and had been in a motor vehicle only once or twice.

We arrived at Belet Uen a stronghold of the Mad Mullah half a century ago In former days there were three battalions of Italians mounted at Belet Uen It is a sort of oasis, on an island in the middle of the Shibeli a river that at times dries up The town had some strategic importance, since it is only twenty-five miles from the Ethiopian border Nowadays it is the seat of the provincial governor with a fort and a market. It's a pleasant sleepy sort of place — but I had some trouble there

The day after we arrived a Somali police inspector said that he would run us up to the border in his Land-Rover Early in the morning, before we left I strolled down to the market to take some photographs. The market was just a com-

PARADE

The nicks of time

There must have been a sigh of relief in Melfort Sask when (according to a CP report in the Ottawa Citizen) a Melfort man "retired after 60 years as a barber"

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes Address Parade c/o Maclean's

A L Breithaupt, C.L.U
Kitchener, Ont.

A. J Cochrane
London, Ont.

Wm. Y. Crawford
Vancouver, B.C.

T H Dickinson, C.L.U
Toronto Ont.

H Claude Edwards
Vancouver B.C.

Harold Eggertson C.L.U.
Toronto, Ont.

MUTUAL
LIFE OF
CANADA
Leaders

Rodney Hall
Toronto, Ont.

Louis Langis C.L.U.
Montreal, P.Q.

J E. Manning C.L.U
Toronto, Ont.

You look for important qualities in a man who represents a life insurance company. You look for real helpfulness and the ability to offer a wide range of financial advice. You look for an intelligent understanding of your hopes, both for yourself and the future of your family You look for a lasting, genuine interest. Where these qualities are found, a life insurance underwriter becomes talked about, well known, even sought after. Such a representative becomes a true leader in his profession of life underwriting.

We would like you to meet some of the leaders of The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada from different parts of our country. These highly successful men reflect in their lives and work the qualities that we seek and promote in all who represent this Company

A. O Mollenhauer
Toronto Ont.

Frank Monroe
Montreal P.Q.

J. A. Normabell, C.L.U
Peterborough Ont.

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE WATERLOO, ONTARIO
Canada's First Mutual Life Insurance Company

Trevor J Perry
New Westminster, B.C.

Marc Poulin
Montreal, P.Q.

Richard Sephton
Vancouver, B.C.

A. F. Southworth C.L.U.
Edmonton, Alta.

W H Stevenson
Harbour Grace, Nfld.

R Vaughan Thompson
Woodstock, N.B.

D G Williams C.L.U
Belleville, Ont.

Peek-A-Brew liquid level indicator—Lets you see-at-a-glance how much water to use as you fill . . . how much coffee is left as you pour

Beats all, sharpens knives too—The most beautiful portable mixer on the market . . . and it has an exclusive optional accessory that sharpens knives in seconds

Opens cans electrically—CGE Can Opener opens cans at a touch . . . leaves clean, smooth, safe edge. Magnet holds lid. Mounts on wall or optional stand. Turquoise, yellow, or white

New from Canadian General Electric . . . it lets you count the cups

Built right into the handle is a liquid level indicator with big, easy-to-read numbers. A glance tells you how much water, or delicious coffee, is in the pot. Special CGE brew selector sets mild, medium, strong . . . whatever your taste. When coffee is done it stays hot automatically. The Peek-A-Brew Coffee Maker — *new* from Canadian General Electric Company Limited.

More Canadians choose CGE small appliances both for gifts and for themselves.

"From somewhere in the crowd a stone hit me . . . I could feel a sinking sensation in my stomach"

crete floor without walls, and a roof to give some shade.

Women were sitting on the floor selling goat's milk from skin bags. When I took out my camera the noisy marketplace fell silent. The women hid their faces. Then I felt a couple of stones hit me on the back. I turned around. A circle of men and young boys had formed around me. From somewhere in the crowd a good-sized stone hit me on the shoulder. I could feel that sinking sensation in my stomach. This didn't look like a good place for me at all.

More stones hit me. They kept coming from behind and I couldn't see who'd thrown them. Then one hit me on the head and I got mad. I had seen this fellow. I picked up some stones myself and nailed him right on the neck with a rock as big as my fist. He went down. I pushed my way through the crowd to a clear space, turned around to face them and, with stones in each hand, started backing away slowly.

When I got to the main road a Land-Rover came along. It was the police commissioner. I said, "These people are throwing stones at me!" He said, "Don't you know they are dangerous?" Then he shut the window and shot off down the road. I turned around and ran to the rest house where we were staying. Fortunately the crowd didn't follow.

Right on the border between Somalia and Ethiopia is a village called Ferfer. We spent the better part of three days there. First there is the Somalia barrier across the Imperial Road, then the Ethiopian barrier a hundred yards farther on. Just past the village a beautiful stone bridge carries the Imperial Road across the Shebeli River.

We spent most of our time underneath the bridge with the villagers. During the day it's the only shady place. There are several spans to the bridge. Under some, there were card games; under others people were sleeping. We had a span to ourselves. There was no fresh water in Ferfer, so we dug a hole in the dried up river bed for water. We set up camp under our span the first night, but a soldier told us that if it rained upcountry the river could become a torrent. We moved out.

One afternoon I asked Alfredo to take my picture standing beside a camel. As he was focusing the camera, a Somali came rushing over. In broken Italian he spoke to Alfredo. The conversation went something like this:

Somali: "Is that your camel?"

Alfredo: "No. I only want to take a picture of it."

Somali: "Do I come into your house and take pictures?"

Alfredo: "No, but, . . ."

As it turned out that Somali didn't even own the camel. They're funny people, the Somalis.

Just beyond the bridge at Ferfer, the Imperial Road becomes a dirt track winding through the thorn trees of the Ogaden. This is a parched land of wandering Somalis, lions and bandits. Every vehicle is obliged to carry at least two armed Ethiopian soldiers.

On the morning of the third day a trading truck came to Ferfer. It was from Diredawa, a town on the Djibouti-Addis Ababa railway four hundred miles to the northwest. We were excited. This was the first vehicle that had come from Ethiopia. The driver wanted money and there was nothing else to do but pay. We left that evening. I climbed up on the back and fell asleep. I awoke around midnight. The truck had stopped. It was bogged down in sand.

In the Sahara I had learned one thing. If you get stuck in sand the last thing to do is to get out and push. These people didn't seem to feel that way about it. They got shovels and started digging. After twelve hours of digging it began to look as though either they were going to build the Imperial Road by themselves or discover China. Every once in a while the driver would try driving out.

Giulio, Alfredo and I got the other

"George, my marriage counsellor and I have something to tell you."

HILLMAN

Yes, you're ahead when you buy Hillman, the only import in its class with fully automatic transmission as an optional extra. Here's a family car at a family price. Test drive Hillman today.

ROOTES PRODUCTS
HILLMAN · HUMBER · SUNBEAM

THE MEANING OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

The Lord's Supper is the gospel in dramatic form It celebrates the life, death and resurrection of Christ On the night in which he was betrayed our Lord as he broke bread and shared the cup with his disciples said "This is my body which is for you Do this in remembrance of me."

When his disciples do this today in obedience to his command they believe he is present with them according to his promise As the work of Christ in his life and death was completed in his resurrection, so the Lord's Supper is not only a memorial of his death but also the experience of his living presence.

In the Supper Christ offers himself to us We respond Christ is the host We are his undeserving but welcome guests. We eat the bread drink the wine, and find ourselves acutely conscious that he shed his blood and died for our sakes and for our sin

The act of eating and drinking the visible symbols of his death on Calvary moves us to repentance. We know we fail to live the life God intends us all to live Pride, indifference, jealousy envy, the very sins which betrayed and killed our Lord are in us who sit at his table and by faith feed on his body We need forgiveness and here we experience it Through this mystery we receive strength to live the good life, and courage to overcome life's temptations

Because Christ died and rose again this sacrament brings feelings of thankfulness and joy into our hearts In gratitude we celebrate the loving act of God in relation to his children We enter into a mystery, the mystery of the love of God revealed on a cross.

We call this holy Supper a sacrament because it is a vow made to God The word *sacramentum* originally meant the oath taken by newly enlisted soldiers. We take anew our oath to serve our crucified and risen Lord each time we sit at his table and in faith receive the symbols of his flesh and blood

This is a service of commemoration, penitence and forgiveness thankfulness and consecration It is communion with the living Christ. Therefore it is a privilege and also a duty required by the church of all its members It is a service which relates us to Christians of all races and creeds in all places throughout all ages.

All who profess a faith in our Lord and Saviour are welcome at his table.

FREE BOOKLET:

Mail this coupon today for your free copy of "The Means of Grace" to The Board of Evangelism and Social Service, Room 711 85 St Clair Ave East, Toronto 7

Name________________

Address________________

City or Town________________

This advertisement made possible by trust funds of The Board of Evangelism and Social Service,
THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA.

YOU SEE ONLY ONE TOOL!

BUT IT'S A...
- WRENCH
- SUPER PLIERS
- CLAMP
- HAND VISE
- WIRE CUTTER

A Whole Tool Kit-In One Compact Tool!

The Most Versatile Tool You Can Own!

VISE-GRIP®

MADE ONLY BY PETERSEN MFG COMPANY DEWITT NEBRASKA U S A
Canadian Sales Representative: MONAHAN SUPPLY CORP , LTD • Dept M 6 • Toronto, Ontario

passengers in behind the truck to push. But they all wanted to push at a different time. If the truck moved an inch or so they would relax completely. The three of us wound up trying to push a ten ton truck by ourselves.

Of course the two armed guards wouldn't even shovel. They sat around with their rifles and had a swell time. I thought myself lucky to get something to eat during the wait. There was a tall Somali woman who kept coming up to me and saying "Hah Inglezi Hah! Gamal Abdel Nasser—he fix you Hah!" I wasn't too sure of the connection. She didn't seem to be either for she made some good spaghetti, and made sure I got some.

When finally we made Scillave the first post we were tired and thirsty. While I was drinking a skin of sour goat's milk a policeman came up. He wanted to see my passport. I was to find that everywhere in Ethiopia it was the same. Everyone wants to see your passport. You have to stop at every police post you pass through to have it checked. They write something in it in Amharic script. By the time I left the country there were three full pages of this kind of thing. Of course the Ogaden section of Ethiopia is disputed territory. The people who live there are Somalis and the new Somali Republic, which is made up of the old Italian and British Somalilands, claims it. The Ethiopians are very sensitive about travelers.

The next stop was Wardair. This is a good-sized village around a whitewashed mosque. It was festival time. The last of Ramadan was over and the inhabitants were celebrating. They formed long lines and chanted. We didn't dare go close and watched from a distance. There was an Italian civilian staying at Wardair. He had lived in Ethiopia for years and was putting up some buildings in the Ogaden. After three months at Wardair he still never went into the village alone. The morning Alfredo and I went through it the children threw stones. In fact, I was hit pretty hard that day.

We left the truck at Wardair. An Ethiopian engineer who had studied in the U S offered us a lift all the way to Harar in his Land Rover. Harar was close to Diredawa and it wouldn't cost anything.

The engineer's name was Abdul and Abdul's Land Rover never did make it. It started to rain and the Ogaden became a sea of mud. According to Abdul it hadn't rained in this part of the Ogaden for five years. It certainly made up for the five years—the rain came down in sheets. Dried-out wadis became roaring torrents.

We came to one of these watercourses just before a place called Gabredarre. There was a ford and Abdul stopped the Land Rover to wade out and see how deep the water was over the ford. I was close behind him and grabbed him just before he was washed away.

We decided to move upstream until we came to a bridge. A couple of miles before the bridge the Land Rover slid into a mudhole. Fortunately Gabredarre wasn't far away. We left the car with a broken axle and walked.

We waited for a few days in Gabredarre. The rains stopped and the tracks dried. Abdul fixed us up with a lift on three army trucks going to Jijiga not far from Harar. As he would have to wait several weeks for the spare part he decided to come with us.

There is a good deal of wildlife in the Ogaden. But except for hundreds of dik-diks, a tiny antelope, and the occasional gazelle I didn't see much. But on our way to Jijiga we stopped beside a water hole early in the morning for a wash. As we came up to it a couple of lions wandered off into the bush.

One night we got lost. As the Ogaden is fairly flat whenever a driver decides the road is getting bad he just branches out and around through the thorn trees to make his own track. In some places, as a result there's a maze of tracks.

I was sitting up on the bank. It was a beautiful, clear desert night and I was watching the stars. We had been bumping along a track that seemed particularly twisted. I had to keep a sharp eye ahead. If we went under a thorn tree and I wasn't careful I could easily lose an eye to a three-inch thorn. It struck me that we had already been along this stretch of road. I recognized a huge anthill, and realized we had been past it a few times.

That was the only time my small knowledge of the stars was useful. In Mogadiscio someone had explained to me that the knife on Orion's belt points south.

PARADE

Chewed out

We've heard of a Toronto woman — high principled, ladylike, sings in the choir and all that — who chews gum incessantly although almost imperceptibly. She can keep her gum tucked well away out of sight through the busy part of an anthem but still manage to get a couple of ladylike chews at it whenever the sopranos get a rest. She's been a teacher for ten years, during which time she has ordered approximately 386 children to put their gum in the basket without one of them ever suspecting she's never without a chaw herself. Her supreme test came recently when she told one little girl with a set of wildly wagging jaws to get rid of her gum but received only a blank stare. She suddenly realized that the offender was a newcomer with little understanding of English and there was nothing to do but demonstrate. She made her own jaws go madly then poked in a finger and pulled out (triumphantly) an entirely imaginary piece of gum which she pretended to plunk in the basket. The pupil promptly followed suit with the desired result while teacher's wad remained safe and sound.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade c/o Maclean's

With that little bit of information we managed to find the right track again.

At Jijiga we went as usual to have some more things written in the passports. I remember very well the procrastinating individual who finally signed them. He was hanged not long ago in the late uprising against the Emperor.

After the Ogaden Jijiga is quite a metropolis. There are a few Italians living there and even a British vice-consul. There is a huge Ethiopian army base and a colonel gave us permission to camp in it. Giulio and Alfredo set up their tent and I put together the small safari cot I had brought from Kenya.

That night it got cold. My friends were all right inside their tent but I nearly froze. I went into one of the barracks. The Ethiopian soldiers were friendly. They gave me a bed and piled blankets and army greatcoats on me. Now I have been bitten by a wide variety of bedbugs, lice and other insects, but that night I was bitten by the daddy of all fleas. The wound didn't heal for more than a month.

Not only the Somalis are touchy about photography. The Ethiopians are just as bad maybe a little worse. The difference is that though the ordinary Ethiopians don't seem to object too much the army and petty officials get upset. I was to find that almost everything in Ethiopia is a military secret. Between Jijiga and Harar I stopped at a small roadside market. I got my camera out to take a picture. As I looked through the camera to focus I could see a soldier aiming his rifle at me. I put my camera away.

From Jijiga the road goes up a steep slope. You are entering hilly country—and what I thought of at the time as really Ethiopia. But of course Ethiopia is made up of all kinds of peoples and countries. There doesn't really seem to be any such thing as an Ethiopian. As we climbed out of Jijiga, I looked back. Behind was the flat waterless Ogaden. Ahead was the walled city of Harar.

Harar is built on a hillside more than 5 000 feet above sea level. When you come into it from the Ogaden you get the impression of having arrived in some medieval Turkish capital. There are few places in the world that look exotic after you have arrived. Most cities with romantic names turn out to be bustling metropolises such as we have in Canada.

Harar sounds romantic and Harar *is* romantic. Harari girls do wear dresses but under them they have long velvet pantaloons. There are some motor taxis in Harar but the cheapest way to get around is by two-wheeled horse-drawn vehicle. I had never been in a buggy before and got a great kick out of flying up the main street beside the driver. I would pay a few cents extra and he wouldn't spare the horse. I usually walk everywhere but this was one time when I would think up excuses to ride.

We stayed in a small hotel across from the Coptic church. Even though the Hararis are Moslem Ethiopia is primarily a Christian country. The hotel cost one Ethiopian dollar a night — forty cents Canadian—and was the social hub of the town. On the other corner was the cinema. The police fort was next door. In the evening the cinema blared out wailing Harari music. On the Sabbath I was awakened by an equally wailing Coptic service that was blasted out over a loudspeaker.

My friends and I had trouble in Harar. Alfredo's diaries were stolen from the room. He swore it was the secret police. It is true that a police lieutenant had made a habit of running into us at odd times. It seemed strange that although there were cameras and other valuables in the room nothing else was taken.

Near Harar they grow a plant called *chat*. It is a stimulant and chewing the leaves is a popular habit. One evening there was a great ruckus when I took a flash photograph of two girls selling the stuff. Nobody seemed to mind much except a couple of young men who weren't even in the picture. These two fellows caused a small riot. It was lucky for me that my inquisitive friend the police lieutenant was around. The troublemakers spent the night in jail. I saw one of them the next morning. He smiled sheepishly and we shook hands.

Near Harar is Diredawa. From there a road runs to the coast at Djibouti. I had intended getting on a truck and going out that way. But according to the truckers I talked to few people use that road. A tribe called the Issas lives along it. These people have a strange habit. It seems that in order to marry they have to present a pair of human testicles to a girl to prove their courage. This discourages the truckers. I said goodbye to Giulio and Alfredo bought myself a third class ticket and got on the train.

The conductor a French Somali had no use for Ethiopians. He mistook me for a Frenchman. When he saw me cramming my pack into a third-class coach he asked "Are you a globe-trotter?" When I replied that I was in my own small way he said "You don't want to ride with all those people. They're a pack of thieves."

He took me back to the coach carrying the train guards and said "Go on you can ride in there. If you like, you can climb up on top. I know you people—you like to see everything." And so it was that I rode 150 miles into Djibouti on top of a boxcar.

The native quarter of Djibouti is very cosmopolitan. The town is a port of call for the Arab dhows that ply the coast. I had to wait three days while looking for a dhow going across the strait of Bab el Mandeb to the Aden Protectorate on the Arabian coast. In the evenings I had my meals with Somalis, Aden Arabs and Yemeni sailors. With their conical caps and skirts the Yemenis all looked like Sindbad himself. We ate delicious meat stew and bread on long tables set up in the streets. We drank real mocha coffee, from Mocha, a town in the Yemen.

I will always remember the day I left Africa. A young Somali police inspector found me a dhow going to Aden. I hauled my pack down to the quay and put it on board. There were other passengers. Some were Somali pilgrims on their way to Mecca. Others were Yemeni going home. I was the only one going to Aden. The Arab captain hoisted sail and cast off. The young police inspector had come down to say goodbye to me. We waved to each other as the wind picked up and the dhow slowly moved out of harbor. After almost two years tramping that great continent I was just a little sad to go ★

Golfers (and their wives) speak well of Viyella REG'D.

Come summer sun, colourful Viyella* won't fade. 10th hole rain? Viyella won't shrink—or lose its contours. Note to women wash it, Viyella merely grows softer and lovelier. Amazing fabric? Undoubtedly. Deacon Brothers tailor this globally famed English Viyella into sportshirts of rare distinction.

Above we see Dress Black Watch. In both men's and women's fine apparel stores you'll find many more in tartans, plain shades and checks, priced from 11 95 to 14 95

*Wash as wool—if it shrinks we replace

Deacon Brothers Sportswear Limited BELLEVILLE CANADA

The parks are busting out all over

continued from page 23

also do plays in Yiddish and Spanish.

Elsewhere on the island three outdoor pools built to Olympic dimensions draw crowds of up to 25 000 on a weekend—crowds that break an old Quebec taboo against mixed bathing. Tennis courts and a day nursery will complete the island park at a total cost of $12 million. The changes there have been compared with those wrought on Jones Beach by the New York parks expert Robert Moses.

LaFontaine Park was the next to change — not that it needed to be brought to life. People have always gone to this park even if they've had to take their own checkerboards with them. But now they go to see things like two theatres-on-wheels, The Vagabond and La Roulotte. The first is a little red-and-gold caravan that makes the circuit of all Montreal playgrounds. When word gets around that the puppets have come, children come running. After the show they learn how to make their own puppets. In the afternoon they climb into the little theatre and play to their friends.

La Roulotte is a more sophisticated theatre trailer. Parisian mime Paul Buissonneau directs a group of trained actors and dancers in precise and exquisite productions adapted to the seventeen-by-eight foot stage. Children are eager to try out, and each summer a few are taken on. One of the first, some years ago, was Gratien Gelinas' son Yves. Children used to coax their parents to come to see La Roulotte. Now the parents almost crowd out the youngsters.

For the smallest children at LaFontaine, there's a show that's pure spectacle—a children's zoo. Behind a low triangular stockade children wander enthralled from one storybook character to another, squealing when they recognize Mother Goose and *le gros méchant loup*. Animals illustrate the nursery rhymes, but the system broke down when people started donating animals. A boa that escaped from a dancer's apartment and found its way to the zoo via the SPCA still has no home.

The Theatre under the Trees is LaFontaine Park's most recent theatre. Its setting is romantic by day or night. The stage is built on an island in the upper lagoon of the park, sixteen feet from shore. Floodlit fountains grace the lagoon. Farther down the water flows into the wide lower basin where a fleet of gondolas drifts.

After a few years of this Montrealers began to take it for granted that all park theatres should be picturesque. They already had one good example in the Mountain Playhouse, a summer theatre on Mount Royal that had been started by a private company some years before.

No cars are allowed on this part of the mountain; to reach the little yellow building on the ridge, theatregoers walk through the dusk by the shores of Beaver Lake. The mountain is also the traditional setting for outdoor symphony concerts. The orchestra plays from the wide stone steps of the chalet and the music drifts out to the audience on the banks below. Less traditional are the mountain hi-fi concerts. A mobile hi-fi van with loudspeakers surprised strollers when it first drew up beside Beaver Lake and began playing Beethoven. But the records were a hit and music lovers who had never been near the mountain before joined the crowds on the grass to listen.

The parks department is working its way cautiously down a list of mountain projects that includes a better riding stable, an amphitheatre, a geological museum and a restaurant to take advantage of the chalet's view of the city. The trick with the mountain is to make it accessible without cutting up forever the peaceful backdrop.

The Botanical Garden too has a magic of its own. Lately it's become an exciting place to visit. The central exhibition hall is used for elaborate shows. Weeks before their own gardens are showing signs of life Montrealers queue up to see the profusion of daffodils, tulips and hyacinths blooming in the spring garden. Flowers from the greenhouses of the parks department's forestry division are used for decoration all over town but the best known are those that hang in baskets from Dorchester's street lamps.

Montrealers are disappointed, though, with the bleak park named Angrignon. It looks no more like a zoo today than it did when money to build an elaborate zoo there was approved five years ago. The first $2 000 000 of a $15 000 000 Angrignon budget has gone on conduits and waterways, most of them underground, and on clearing and fencing the land. When and if it's finished Angrignon will contain a central zoo area of 130 acres surrounded by parkland, as in the Detroit and Chicago zoos. Five thousand animals are promised ultimately and they'll be housed in advanced quarters—tall houses of glass for the giraffes, a striped pavilion for the zebra, another act in the liveliest show in town. ★

GILBEY'S GOVERNOR GENERAL RUM

The misfortunes of war

continued from page 19

There had been charges of profiteering in drugs, binoculars, even dressings for wounds

Committee had made money from munitions contracts; on many contracts there was no competitive bidding; huge orders were placed in the United States when they could have been filled more cheaply and quickly in Canada; finally and most flagrantly Sam Hughes' friend and protégé Wesley Allison, was turning these practices to his own excessive profit.

Assertions as harsh as these would have embarrassed any government at any time. At this juncture the Borden administration found them especially painful. During much of the previous year — the first full year of the war—it had been exploring and unscrambling a whole mare's nest of lesser scandals. The first contingent were equipped with shoddy, substandard boots and it had taken a special committee of the House of Commons to get to the root of the matter and start setting it right. Of the first 8 500 horses bought for the army nearly one out of four had been proved unfit for use. There had been public charges of profiteering in drugs, in binoculars, in trucks, in field dressings, in bicycles and even in jam. Two Conservative MPs were among those caught simultaneously robbing the public purse and endangering the war effort and Borden had forced them to resign their seats. (As many later episodes were to show, it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a dishonest Canadian politician or civil servant to go to jail.)

"Saved us $50 million," said Hughes

For the most part the public was ready to attribute these early derelictions to a combination of rush and human nature. So far there was no widespread inclination to blame the government. But the accusations against Colonel Allison and the colonels of the Shell Committee were a different matter. If there was the slightest doubt that the colonels were a government responsibility Sam Hughes put it right. He had been associated with Colonel Allison, he told the House of Commons staunchly and defiantly, for twenty-five or thirty years. Among other things he described his life-long friend as "an absolutely disinterested and straightforward businessman, the soul of honor and kindness." Through his wisdom and integrity, Sam told the House indignantly, the much-abused Allison had "saved upward of fifty million to Great Britain and Canada."

How much of this was Hughes' instinctive bluster in the face of criticism, how much loyalty to a friend under duress, how much the flame of full and honest belief even Hughes' boss, Sir Robert Borden, could not be sure. But the prime minister wanted desperately to think the best or a sufficient portion of the best to refuse the full parliamentary inquiry the Liberals were asking for. For the time being he took refuge in the reminder that the Shell Committee had done all its buying for Great Britain and therefore if anyone was robbed it wasn't Canada.

"If any investigation is sanctioned or approved by the British government," Borden assured the House, "we shall not have the slightest objection, and we will assist and co-operate in every way. So far as our own efforts are concerned, so far as the actions of the government are concerned, these stand upon a different basis."

Any relief that this evasion might have given the government was dissipated by another act of evasion on the part of Hughes. Having declared his confidence in Allison, the defense minister almost immediately took ship for England. Borden pleaded with him to stay in Canada at least until the end of the defense debate (but inexplicably did not order him to do so). Hughes in turn pleaded that he needed a rest, needed a change of scene, that his health was failing, that he couldn't sleep. Finally he wrung Borden's reluctant consent to the journey after telling the prime minister he had been secretly in touch with the opposition and

New Kraft Barbecue Sauce
simmers real cook-out flavor
right into the meat!

When it starts to simmer, the flavor really speaks up. This is the barbecue sauce that gives you the flavor you cook outdoors to get. The Kraft cooks made it that way—with nineteen herbs and spices. And once it's on the fire, those simmering spice flavors seep right in and keep the meat juicy. Try new Kraft Barbecue Sauce in your kitchen, too, cooks who do say that it brings its real cook-out flavor right indoors—and what could be better than that?

When you desire
THE FINEST IN MEN'S WOOL HOSE
ask for
Byford OF ENGLAND

BRITISH MADE—shrink resist—nylon reinforced at toe and heel. Anklet or garter lengths available in over 20 colours. Prices begin at $1.50.

ENJOY MACLEAN'S REGULARLY

Subscribe to Maclean's, and have each copy delivered to you in the comfort of your own home. It's easy. It's convenient — and it saves you money!

25 ISSUES FOR ONLY $3

Write to:
Circulation Manager, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Canada

This rate good only in Canada

"EXPORT"
PLAIN OR FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES

won their promise not to insist on an inquiry. No such undertaking had been given, as Hughes well knew, and as Borden had a ready means of finding out. The Liberal onslaught continued as Hughes sped across the Atlantic to attend to what he insisted were more pressing duties.

In the early stages of the debate the nation, while fascinated, had found it difficult to follow all the details. But on March 28 W. B. Kyte produced a case history that had all the lucid symmetry of a short story by O. Henry.

This involved three New York entrepreneurs who took as their corporate name the American Ammunition Company. Beginning with a total capitalization of $3,000 the neophyte concern—with Allison as the go-between and the Canadian Shell Committee as broker and ultimate buyer — was given some ten million dollars in orders for artillery fuses. Since it lacked either a factory or the money to build a factory, Allison arranged for the Shell Committee to advance the company a million and a half dollars. The three primary partners, one of them the already legendary railway promoter Benjamin Yoakum, ultimately received a cash commission of a million dollars. Of this sum $220,000 was kicked back to Colonel Allison.

These astonishing revelations could not be met by mere adroitness. Old Sir George Foster, deputy prime minister to Borden, went home that night from the Commons to scribble a lament in his diary: "To this point of great danger the foolish tolerance of the Hughes-Allison alliance carried us. The Prime Minister knew the connection, was warned by all his Ministers of the probable results, but did nothing." But Borden at last did three things: he appointed a royal commission; he asked Hughes to come home from London, and cabled the apologetic suggestion: "Hope you will take into consideration desirability of placing your resignation in my hands while inquiry is pending." George Foster was still uneasy: "The danger ahead is the premier's lack of will when Sam sits opposite. What he will do no one can tell. What he will not do we all fear."

Hughes arrived in Ottawa in mid-April and proceeded to Borden's office. The latter's diary described the meeting thus: "Hughes came at four and was as eccentric as ever. Wept at one time and laughed at another. He is confident that he will come through inquiry with flying colors, which I doubt considerably. Discussed with him my proposal that during the inquiry I should administer his department. He objects, thinking it will humiliate him. I told him it would strengthen him and that in making his statement on Tuesday he should say that he had asked me to relieve him of administration during progress of inquiry. We finally left it open after I had impressed upon him its importance."

Though he might show signs of weakness in the privacy of the prime minister's office, the militia minister still confronted his enemies with unwavering self-righteousness. On his first day back in parliament he gave a lecture to the entire House of Commons. After painting a picture of the rigors of the war from which he had just returned, he thundered: "Yet after an absence of four or five weeks I find, on my return to Canada, that two hundred of the ablest men in this country, members of the House of Commons, instead of being out helping in the cause, are sitting here listening to piffle."

He returned to his championship of Allison: "A gentleman who today stands high in the estimation of the people of the country." When during the proceedings of the royal commission the auditor-general asked some suggestive questions about Allison's operations, Hughes rose to charge that he "makes reflections on a gentleman who has more honor in his little finger than the auditor-general has in his whole carcass." Although the new object of his wrath, the auditor-general, held an office nominally outside politics, Hughes promised darkly: "I will find means of reaching him."

But the hearings of the royal commission did nothing to ease the government's discomfort. Big Ben Yoakum came up from New York, eased his burly frame into the witness chair and blandly corroborated every detail of the American Ammunition Company transaction, including the quarter-of-a-million-dollar kickback to Allison. Allison made the same admission during a wearing two-day appearance, but attempts to pin him down on his other ventures in the buying of arms ended in a blind alley of I Don't Remembers. Toward the end of his second afternoon on the stand Allison collapsed and his lawyer demanded that he be excused on grounds of health.

MACLEAN'S

"I'm terribly sorry, madam ... er ... sir!"

The commission's ultimate findings, as the findings of royal commissions occasionally do, bore faint echoes of Lewis Carroll. Everyone was guilty, so in fairness to all everyone was acquitted. The Shell Committee had discriminated among manufacturers, notably in favor of Americans against Canadians. It had paid more than four dollars a fuse for twenty million dollars' worth of fuses when even the most perfunctory investigation would have shown the going price to be three dollars a fuse.

Hughes had known nothing of his friend Allison's rake-off on the American Ammunition Company contract and certainly had not partaken of it. Hughes had, however, successfully urged the Shell Committee to award contracts to certain of his own constituents, including his own son-in-law. As for Allison, he had practised deception. From these premises the commission proceeded to three main conclusions: (1) the members of the Shell Committee had been overworked and deserved the nation's sympathy; (2) Hughes was innocent of complicity with Allison and of using undue influence in the awarding of contracts; (3) Allison's conduct in the American Ammunition purchase "could not be either justified or excused."

The sole visible outcome was that Allison was stripped of his honorary colonelcy. Hughes tried to soften the blow by complaining privately to Borden

You will find a wide collection of leather gift shoes at stores featuring these famous brands:

AGNEW SURPASS
BOULET
COMMONWEALTH
CORONA
CUSTOM GRADE
DACK'S
DOCTORS — COCK O' THE NORTH
DUFRESNE
EDGERTON
FLORSHEIM
GALE
GARDINER
GARRISON
GOLD CROSS
THE HARTT SHOE
HARTT GOLD BOND
HEWETSON DRESS CASUALS
HUSH PUPPIES
HOUN'DAWG CASUALS
IMPERIAL
JARMAN SHOES for Men
LEISUALITIES by Jarman
DR. LOCKE
McGILL
McHALE
OAKWOOD
PEDWIN
PETER'S FOOTWEAR
PETER'S REPEATERS
RAND
RITCHIE HANDCRAFT
ROYAL RICHMOND
SAVAGE SENIORS
SISMAN'S CASUALS
SISMAN'S SCAMPERS
TEBBUTT
TIMELY
TYROLEANS
VACATIONAIRES
WILLIAMS

give him Leather shoes for Father's Day

THE BEST SHOES HAVE LEATHER SOLES AND LININGS

LEATHER INDUSTRIES OF AMERICA sponsored by **TANNERS' ASSOCIATION OF CANADA**

WELL PROTECTED!
but how about your PAY CHEQUE?

Naturally you protect your children by teaching them to obey all safety rules. It's also vital to their welfare to protect your income. What will happen when your pay cheque is suddenly cut off because of sickness or accident? How will you provide for your family's food, home and clothing?

The answer is easy when you give the *"Go Ahead"* signal for a Mutual of Omaha low-cost Circle Security Income Protection Plan. When you are disabled by accident or confined by sickness, this Mutual Plan will help provide the necessities of life by paying you a monthly income—even for the rest of your life.

A day can make all the difference. So play it safe—mail the coupon NOW for full details. You can have security—and peace of mind—for so little.

MUTUAL OF OMAHA
LARGEST EXCLUSIVE HEALTH AND ACCIDENT COMPANY IN THE WORLD

MUTUAL OF OMAHA,
500 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Please send me details of your
Circle Security Income Protection Plan

MUTUAL BENEFIT HEALTH & ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION
HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA TORONTO, ONT.

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________ *Prov* ______

that his friend deserved better in view of his "services to the Empire" and publicly that he was "the biggest and best man in Canada — and the cleanest too."

Almost simultaneously another confusing drama was approaching another convulsion of sorts. Again Hughes was the most vociferous if not the most convincing figure on the stage.

The Ross rifle was a mere thing of wood and steel (and possibly of tin, some of its adversaries were known to cry), but during the quarter of a century covering its gestation, birth, rise, decline and fall it became almost a part of the country's animate being. This would have been true of any basic infantry weapon in a war of infantry.

But more than ten years before 1914, in a time of peace and peaceful prospects, the Ross rifle had already begun to excite feelings of special depth and complexity.

Until well after the Boer War Canada, like the other dominions and colonies, was absolutely dependent on Great Britain for weapons and most other military supplies. The feeble militia forces got only what the mother country chose to let them have, sometimes by sale, very frequently as handouts. During most of the nineteenth century Canada had not only acquiesced in this arrangement but had basked in it.

But immediately before and during the Boer War the Laurier government was rudely reminded of the drawbacks. When Laurier's militia department tried to order 15,000 Lee-Enfield rifles in England for direct delivery to Canada it found it couldn't buy a single one. The British Army, quite naturally, was exercising its own priority to all arms production.

An earlier attempt to persuade a British firm to establish a branch plant in Canada for the manufacture of the Lee-Enfield had been rebuffed. Accordingly Laurier's militia minister, Sir Frederick Borden—a cousin and political opponent of Sir Robert — persuaded his leader that Canada would have to make its own rifles.

This, it soon developed, would not be so formidable an undertaking as had been supposed. It happened that an existing new sporting rifle, incorporating several features of design and performance more advanced than the Lee-Enfield's, was just being put on the market in Great Britain and the United States. Its sponsor was Sir Charles Ross, ninth baronet of Balnagown and an inventor of promise, a soldier of excellent record and a businessman of good reputation. Ross expressed the conviction that with a very little modifying his rifle—which had been patterned after a military weapon, the Austrian Mannlicher — would make a first-class infantry rifle. He brought several of them to Ottawa. Sir Frederick Borden was so impressed that in the early summer of 1901 he drafted, but did not sign, an agreement to buy 12,000 of them for the Canadian militia. At the same time he appointed a five-man committee to prepare a report on the rifle. One of the members of the committee was Sam Hughes, then a private MP on the opposition benches, a battalion commander in the militia and a well-known amateur marksman.

Hughes, like most of his fellow committee members, liked the look and feel of the Ross. It was an unusually long rifle, but it was light and well balanced. What particularly appealed to the experts was its simple straight back-and-forth bolt action (two motions to unload and load compared with four motions for the Lee-Enfield). They liked its strong breech mechanism with its promise of standing up to higher chamber pressures, hence greater muzzle velocities, longer ranges and greater accuracy. Sam Hughes, as always the man of impulse, fell in love with it on the spot. But before they would consent to begin the tests, he and his colleagues insisted that Ross make half a dozen changes in the sights, magazine, breech and bolt.

No inventor ever had a more sympathetic audience than had the Scottish baronet when he came back to Canada to subject his new Ross Mark I to a trial of accuracy and endurance against the veteran Lee-Enfield Mark I.

The dominion government's desire to make the Canadian foot-soldier independent of the whims of the British Ordnance Corps had already been communicated to the nation and the nation, generally speaking, had applauded. What a poetic thing if Canada, which only a year or so before had not been able to buy or beg a rifle from Whitehall, should now be on the brink of making rifles of her own of such incomparable merit that Whitehall might in time be coming, brass hat in hand, to Ottawa to buy others like it! Though all Hughes' colleagues on the jury were, like him, loyal officers of the Crown and unswerving admirers of the Empire, it would have been strange if each of them had not felt some tiny bias against the Imperial Lee-Enfield and in favor of the "Canadian" Ross.

Had it been otherwise the history of the Ross rifle might have ended then and there, on a rifle range near Quebec City on an August day in 1901. Twelve different tests had been agreed upon. Reporting on one of them, the dust test, the jury was obliged to observe politely: "Both rifles were heavily sanded. Sir Charles Ross oiled Lee-Enfield bolt under cover but this was objected to by the committee and both rifles were fired dry." The two rifles were rated about even by the committee in this particular test and in some others.

But in two of the most critical ones, the Ross came off very badly. One was designed to show how the two rifles would react to over-heavy charges of powder. The Lee-Enfield passed without incident. On the first round the Ross jammed and had to be kicked open with the heel of a boot. After the second round Sir Charles refused to let his rifle continue the excessive-charge test.

Perhaps the most important of the dozen tests was that intended to show how well each weapon would stand up under steady and prolonged action. They were to fire a thousand rounds each. The Lee-Enfield performed perfectly. The Ross jammed and misfired constantly. After each fifty rounds the bolt worked stiffly, if at all. After three hundred rounds the barrel was so hot that it melted away the soldered foresight.

For the Canadian militia the Ross remained, however disappointing its first trial had been, the only rifle Canada could make for itself. Thus when the inventor put forward a ready explanation for its failings he found in the testing committee a ready audience. All the tests, he pointed out, had been made with British .303 shells made in Canada. All his earlier private trials and hence all his niceties of tooling had been based on experiments with American and Austrian shells. The British-Canadian shells he had been compelled to use in the tests were inferior to those both in precision and quality, he informed the jury, and no one called on him to prove it.

Thus reassured, all five members of the testing committee recommended that Canada switch to the Ross. But a month after the contract was signed the major-general commanding the militia, R. H. O'Grady Haly, raised several objections to the tests themselves and to the rifle that passed it. Still a month after that the British War and Colonial Offices joined in an alarmed plea that Canada abandon the Ross in the interests of uniformity and efficiency. When this had no effect, the War Office began issuing statements to the effect that it too had tested the Ross against the Lee-Enfield and established that "the inferiority of the Ross was very marked."

Nothing further was needed to remove the issue forever from the realm of cool and logical discussion. The Ross rifle was now in politics — in Empire politics and Canadian politics. In the next dozen years the original Mark I underwent more than eighty additional changes, and created at least as many headlines. Australia was about to buy 100,000 Ross rifles. Australia was about to do nothing of the kind. The peerless and discriminating Royal North West Mounted Police switched to the Ross in 1904; the disgruntled Royal North West Mounted Police switched back to Winchesters, Lee-Enfields and Lee-Metfords in 1906. The newly formed Department of Naval Service found 350 Mark I Rosses in its stores in 1911 and tried to give them to the militia; the militia would not have them.

A Ross Mark I blew up in a militiaman's face, mortally wounding him. A Liberal MP thereupon charged in the Commons that the Ross killed "as much behind as in front." Sam Hughes rose fiercely and declared his willingness to *swallow* any Lee-Enfield rifle that did not jam when he fired it. By 1907 Hughes wrote that with just a few more changes the Ross would be "the most perfect military rifle in every sense in the world today." "I condemn the Lee-Enfield from start to finish," he added.

The facts, rumors, pronouncements and contradictions about the Ross piled up endlessly. There was not a saloon, hotel lobby or barber shop across the whole dominion whose rafters had not rung at the merest whisper of that name.

After the 1911 election, which made Hughes the new minister of militia, it seemed likely that the argument was

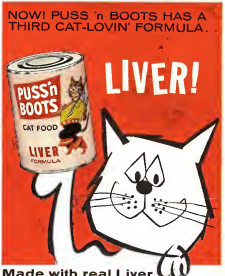
PARADE

Gusher

A restaurateur in Kelowna, B.C. figures maybe visitors get tired of rugged mountains and breathtaking valleys while journeying through British Columbia. So he calls his place Chez

Louis, offers French cuisine and has the walls papered with an Eiffel Tower design. The first American woman tourist to patronize the spot exclaimed excitedly to her husband: "Look at the typical Canadian wallpaper — oil derricks all over it!"

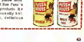
Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade c/o Maclean's.


NOW! PUSS 'n BOOTS HAS A THIRD CAT-LOVIN' FORMULA...
LIVER!
PUSS'n BOOTS
CAT FOOD
LIVER
FORMULA

Made with real Liver
. . . not just liver flavouring!

And cats lap it up! This new Puss 'n Boots formula is a balanced combination of fresh liver, meat products, whole fish, cereal products plus all the essential vitamins and minerals your cat needs to stay in peak condition. With this third formula, you can feed your pet Puss 'n Boots goodness in three appetizing forms. Adds spice to a cat's life. Try it and see.

VARIETY IN PUSS 'N BOOTS
Puss 'n Boots has two other formulas to give your cat the occasional changes in diet that he appreciates.
FAMOUS WHOLE FISH:
enjoyed by more cats in Canada than any other cat food. You'll recognize it by the blue label.
REAL CHICKEN:
in the yellow label. Like all the Puss 'n Boots products it's nutritionally balanced, delicious tasting.



settled for good. By the time war broke out Ross had manufactured 112 000 rifles of various marks at his factory near Quebec.

Without correcting all its defects, the endless revisions had lengthened the rifle's barrel by more than two inches and increased its weight by more than two pounds. No one disputed that it was still an excellent target rifle—it had indeed won the King's Prize at Bisley in 1911 and again in 1913 — but it was now more than a pound heavier and seven inches longer than the Lee-Enfield. When the first contingent went into the trenches at Ypres thousands of men who had experienced or heard of epidemic jamming and faulty cartridge ejection on the ranges of Salisbury and Valcartier had begun to regard the traditional "soldier's best friend" with suspicion and alarm.

In the First Division's memorable stand at Ypres against gas, artillery, small arms and an empty flank, the Ross's already shaky reputation among the men who had to use it was all but obliterated. The battle ended with about five thousand Canadian infantry survivors and an official army census showed that 1 452 of them had thrown away their Rosses and armed themselves with Lee-Enfields, picked up on the battlefield beside dead Englishmen or acquired in trades with adjoining units moving out of the line into relief. If men could judge dispassionately when their own lives hung upon the judgment it might have been said that the soldiers' verdict against the Ross was more harsh and sweeping than it deserved. Just as there were infinitesimal differences in the chamber measurements of the Canadian-manufactured Ross and the British-manufactured Lee-Enfield so were there infinitesimal differences in the Canadian-made and British-made .303 shells used by both. Since they were part of the British army and were in its British chain of supply a high proportion of the Canadian rifles were supplied by British shells; their rate of failure was greater than that of the rifles for which Canadian shells had been supplied.

But none of this had the slightest meaning to the Canadian infantryman who, fighting for breath itself as he peered across his parapet into the green fogs of Ypres and the grey-green Germans marching through them, suddenly found himself with a seized rifle. There was, of course, no way of telling what loss of life was directly attributed while the desperate forward battalions tried to kick back their frozen bolts with their muddy boots or hammer them loose with trenching spades. But Lieutenant-General E. A. H. Alderson, the divisional commander, determined to get as much precise information as he could. As soon as the battle ended he asked his brigade and battalion commanders to report on their experiences of the Ross and the feeling toward it in their units. The majority reaction ranged from one officer's terse: "The men have lost confidence in the Ross as a service arm" to another's angry: "It is nothing short of murder to send out men against the enemy with such a weapon."

The soldiers weren't convinced

Alderson forwarded the reports to the British commander-in-chief, Sir John French, along with a warning: "This matter is as delicate as it is important. . . . Canada will no doubt be extremely annoyed if fault is found with the rifle. This, however, cannot be allowed to stand in the way when the question may be of life and death and of victory and defeat." French appointed another committee to test the Ross against the Lee-Enfield. The report he sent to the War Office in London was a model of tact. The Ross worked smoothly and well with Canadian ammunition. But it was virtually impossible to guarantee a continuous supply of Canadian ammunition to the front line. Therefore French had ordered the entire First Division to be rearmed with the Lee-Enfield.

French conceded that there was as yet no need to switch the Second Division, then in England, from the Ross to the Lee-Enfield. If it could be guaranteed a steady supply of Canadian ammunition it might fight with the Ross indefinitely. Ultimately indeed, if the cartridge chambers were slightly enlarged, the First Division's old rifles might be reclaimed for useful duty.

During the next few months all the Ross rifles of the Second Division were rechambered as were those returned to stores by the First Division in exchange for Lee-Enfields. But almost at once history began to repeat itself. Despite Sir Sam Hughes' personal orders that its members should be told "the Lee-Enfield jams even worse with bad ammunition than does ours," the Second Division, equipped with the Ross, was full of foreboding when it arrived in France. No amount of reasoning could dissuade the soldier who carried it from the notion that the Ross was heavy and ill-balanced, that the long barrel took a long time to bring on a target and was forever knocking against the parapets and other abutments in the trenches, above all that it had been disowned and cast away by the race who had passed that way before.

In the confused, costly and futile fighting around St. Eloi in early 1916, Canadian soldiers again found that they were defending themselves with rifles that had ceased to work. Those who had a chance followed the example of the First Division and acquired British weapons in whatever way they could. The exact number was never established but there were enough that the Second Division thought it necessary to issue a special order threatening to court-martial any company commander who allowed his men to use the Lee Enfield or to keep the Lee-Enfields they had already obtained.

In the Third Division, which also fought its first main engagement at St. Eloi, so many infantrymen threw away their Ross rifles that Hughes sent a personal emissary to demand an explanation from the divisional commander in the field. Major-General M. S. Mercer made a devastatingly unapologetic reply. The Ross jammed whether the ammunition was Canadian or British, good or bad. "To longer withhold the issue of the L.E. rifle and compel the men of this division to use the Ross rifle would be criminal in the extreme."

General Alderson, now promoted to commander of the Canadian Corps, launched his own attack against the Ross. He reported back to Canada that the latest of the tests had actually flattered the Ross. "It does not state, as it should, that the Lee-Enfield, although handled by men not trained to it, fired (owing to it being, as I have before said, much easier to charge the magazine) 100 rounds in about one third less time than the Ross. Nor does the report state, as was the case, that the hands of the men using the Ross were cut and bleeding owing to the difficulty they had in knocking back the bolt."

Alderson ended his letter to the chief of staff with a pointed hint that he show it to Hughes. This was done, whereupon Sir Sam replied directly to his corps commander with a torrent of insults. "I am well aware that very few officers, British or Canadian, know much about any rifle, especially a new one like the Ross," he said by way of preamble. "You seem to be strangely familiar, judging from your letter with the list of ten suggestions intended to prejudice the Ross rifle in the minds of the Canadians. . . . It is not worth while with men who know little or nothing about rifles to take up these ten points in detail, but some of them are so absolutely silly and ridiculous that no one except a novice or for an excuse, would be found seriously advancing them. . . . Each and every one, to anyone informed on the expert aspect of rifles, carries its own condemnation on the face."

Alderson's reply was to order still another pre-Gallup poll of the officers of the Second and Third Divisions. Before the returns were in he was relieved of his command and returned to England as Inspector General of the Canadian Forces. Like General Hutton, Hughes' adversary of the now-distant Boer War days, Alderson suddenly found himself face to face with a bewildering and painful discovery. To win an argument with Sam Hughes, all you needed was a resolute will, a clear mind, a thick skin and a detachable head.

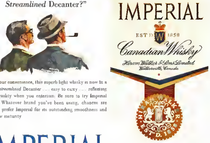
But he and the other critics of the Ross did at last prevail. Hughes was still good for another six weeks of rearguard action and he fought it out so doggedly that a final decision was reached only after the intervention of Sir Douglas Haig, the new British commander-in-chief in the field, the governor-general, Prime Minister Borden, the Privy Council and the colonial secretary Bonar Law.

On the day Alderson was fired, Haig informed the War Office that "the Ross is less trustworthy than the Lee Enfield" and recommended that the Canadian Second and Third Divisions be rearmed with the British weapon. Hughes immediately demanded yet another round of tests. Almost simultaneously Borden, who had played a largely passive role throughout the earlier years of argument and invective, demanded yet another poll. When the returns were tabulated the senior officers of the Second Division were exactly divided in their recorded opinions of the Ross: 25 for, 25 against, 13 undecided. But the Third Division was unanimously against. Haig repeated his recommendation that the Ross be "abandoned without delay" and his recommendation was accepted in July 1916, and put into force in August.

Altogether the Canadian government bought 342 000 Ross rifles. The prices at various stages of the contract ran up to $28 each. In general they were between a quarter and a third higher than the Lee-Enfields delivered to the British Army.

The government expropriated Ross's factory in 1917 and paid him a settlement of $2 000,000 in 1920. Ross had financed the venture privately on an initial capitalization of $1 000 000 and declared himself to be the sole proprietor. His statement of 1906 that no one in Canada had any interest in the company was never in dispute. Nor was corruption or profiteering ever seriously charged against the inventor or his supporters. The only real issue was

"That reminds me . . . have you seen the *new* Imperial *Streamlined* Decanter?"



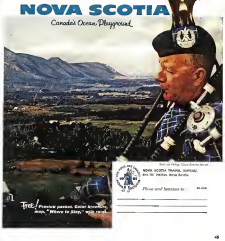
For your convenience, this superb light whisky is now in a slim, *streamlined* Decanter . . . easy to carry . . . reflecting fine quality when you entertain. Be sure to try Imperial now. Whatever brand you've been using, chances are you'll prefer Imperial for its outstanding smoothness and mellow maturity.

IMPERIAL by HIRAM WALKER

Follow the piper to nearby *New Scotland* . . . and discover happy surprises at every bend of the road. A lobsterman, with a boatload of stories. Deer at a forest pool. Skilled craftworkers, busy creating *different* souvenirs. In apple-blossom time . . . through summer's festive pageantry . . . 'midst autumn's spectacular beauty . . . you'll be sure of a sunny, old-fashioned welcome from Nova Scotians. New transportation facilities, new accommodations and new, panoramic highways make it *so* easy—and so much fun—to follow the piper to

NOVA SCOTIA

Canada's Ocean Playground


Free! Preview packet. Color brochure, map, "Where to Stay," with rates.
THE PIPES ARE CALLING
1961
NOVA SCOTIA

Sunrise Valley, Cape Breton Island

NOVA SCOTIA TRAVEL BUREAU,
Box 130, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Please send literature to ML-6341

"WE LIVE IN A
RANCH BUNGALOW...
OUR SPODE
BLENDS IN PERFECTLY!"

"Alvin"
Bone China

[illegible] Spode dinnerware in that it adds beauty and distinction to every period, every background. Its delicate hand painting produces an element of colour that can be achieved no other way. So give your home the ageless elegance that has delighted generations, choose Spode! Write for folder.

Spode
DINNERWARE
Distributors: Copeland & Duncan Limited, 222 Bay St., Toronto

Staycold
coolers
have 101 uses . . . keep food and beverages cooler, longer!

- Ideal for hunting or fishing trips, picnics, barbecues
- Lightweight — moulded in one piece — so light they float!
- Provide insulating efficiency that keeps ice up to 48 hours — leakproof
- Hold 6 Canadian quart size of popular beverages

$6.95

★ Available now — at your local hardware or department store.
Made in Canada by Morval Products Co. Ltd. Kitchener Ont.

SUPER CAST REEL
NO 3300 with line
NO. 4339
SPIN CAST ROD
$ 8.95 complete

Allcock Laight & Westwood Limited
TORONTO CALGARY MONTREAL

Don't be *vague* . . . say HAIG & HAIG

DISTILLED BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

whether the Ross was a good service rifle.

The demise of the Ross coincided almost exactly with the exposure of Hughes' proudly acknowledged guide and counsellor, J. Wesley Allison. A man of more flexible temper might have been humbled by two such blows. But Sir Sam, though he was hurt and indignant, was not even mildly deflated, much less apprehensive of his future. Fully aware that many of his colleagues in the cabinet were imploring Borden to get rid of him at once, he coolly wrote Borden: "Your road is more or less a hard one. It is generally understood that (Sir Thomas) White and (Sir George) Foster seek to impose their influence, adverse to me, upon you. But I know you are capable of seeing through them."

But after five tempestuous years Borden had begun to develop some resistance to Hughes' blandishments and bullying. He had written in his diary in the aftermath of the Ross rifle and Allison revelations: "It is quite evident that Hughes cannot remain in the government." Nevertheless it required another four months and another first-class public row before the two men came to their parting.

Sent to demote himself

The cabinet's liaison with the overseas forces had been shaky and sporadic from the outset. For information about higher strategy and higher statesmanship, Borden was wholly dependent on the occasional confidences of the British cabinet and the War Office, who told him very little, usually very late. And for information on the interior housekeeping of the Canadian Corps, its welfare, armament and state of mind he was largely dependent on Hughes. Through Major General J. W. Carson, his special representative in London, various other plenipotentiaries and his own frequent voyages abroad, the militia minister had established a highly efficient intelligence system of his own. But Borden had begun to feel the need of an overseas agent or agency whose first loyalty was not to Sam Hughes but to the government.

With that in view he instructed Hughes to study the whole overseas organization of the Canadian forces — excluding their actual combat role within the British Army — and cable recommendations for a change back to Ottawa. The risks he took in thus asking Hughes to preside over the liquidation of his own powers must have preyed on the prime minister's mind, for within a few days of Sir Sam's arrival in England Borden cabled him: "When you have reached conclusions respecting your proposals for reorganization please cable fully as they should be definitely embodied in order-in-council and it would be desirable to consider them before they are actually put in operation." Two weeks later Borden cabled again asking for Hughes' proposals. Finally, after three more weeks, the prime minister learned through an announcement in the London newspapers that his militia minister had appointed a Canadian Militia Sub-Council in England and given it major responsibilities in liaison and administration. A son-in-law of Hughes was to act as secretary to the council. Borden cabled Sir Sam to come home at once.

At their meeting in Ottawa in October it was Borden who had disquieting news to convey. He had decided to appoint a minister of overseas military forces. As the holder of cabinet rank, the overseas minister would, of course, report directly to the government. Moreover the man proposed for the job, Sir George Perley, was one of Hughes' oldest and bitterest enemies. Sir Sam, Borden recorded in his diary, "objected strongly and argued against it, saying there would be nothing left for him, that he would be humiliated and that he would have to leave the government. He gave a tirade against Perley and decried his ability. Said that everything he had done was perfect, etc. Complained that White was conspiring against him."

A few days later Borden carried out his intention. Sir Sam put his last sulphurous and minatory protests into a letter and Borden, to his own vast relief, now had no possible choice but to demand his resignation. This was duly provided on November 11, 1916. Sir Sam's valedictory as minister was liberally peppered with complaints about meddling and intrigue, and it roundly taunted Borden for the very quality or lack of quality that had permitted him to put up with Hughes so long. "Well, Sir Robert," his departing colleague wrote, "each one's manner is his own. It might be well if we could all possess your soft mannerisms, but I'm very much afraid, judging by all periods of history, that human liberty and human progress would not make much advance as they never have made much advance under such diplomatic forms and utterances."

And thus, except for a few minor postscripts, there ended one of the most astonishing public careers in Canadian history. For three of its most momentous and critical years the country's energy and resources had lain to a very considerable degree under the command of a man who would have had the utmost difficulty in passing a standard medical test for sanity. Almost as remarkably, the hyper-sane Borden was aware of Sam Hughes' infirmities — or later said he was — before he took him into his cabinet, and often reflected on them during the five years before he discharged him. Borden, who arranged his memoirs in 1928, then remembered the man he made militia minister in 1911 in these terms: "While he was a man of marked ability and sound judgment in many respects, his temperament was so peculiar and his actions and language so unusual on many important occasions that one was inclined to doubt his usefulness as a minister. . . . In my opinion his moods might be divided into three categories: during about half of the time he was an able, reasonable and useful colleague, working with excellent judgment and indefatigable energy; for a certain other portion he was extremely excitable, impatient of control and almost impossible to work with; and during the remainder his conduct and speech were so eccentric as to justify the conclusion that his mind was unbalanced."

After his dismissal from the cabinet Hughes kept his seat in parliament. In the summer of 1921, in his sixty-ninth year, he fell seriously ill in Ottawa and asked to be taken home to Lindsay. Someone with a good memory and a sense of chivalry recollected that in his days as minister one of the old man's favorite vanities had been riding back and forth on inspection visits aboard special trains. A special train was provided to bear him on his last journey. Before the train pulled out of the Ottawa station the conductor came to Hughes' private car and asked if the engineer should be instructed to travel slowly. "No!" the dying man commanded. "Tell 'em to go like blazes." ★

In a forthcoming issue Ralph Allen tells how Canadians stood up to the gas attack at Ypres and gained their allies' respect

SIGN OF THE TIMES

The Medallion Symbol of Electrical Excellence

You will see this sign springing up in communities all over Ontario. It's a sign to watch for when you go house hunting. It tells you that progressive builders are providing for extra comfort and convenience through a new high standard of electrical living . . . even in modestly priced homes. The Hydro-approved Medallion is a reliable guidepost for everyone who is planning to buy or build. It will help to protect *your* new home investment in these important ways:

POWER CONDITIONING. A 100 amp. main service entrance and a "full housepower" distribution panel provide the capacity needed to operate your household services efficiently, economically, and safely . . . now and in the future.

APPLIANCE CONDITIONING. Circuits and outlets for those work-saving, time-saving appliances are plentiful. Every Medallion Home anticipates your future needs. And at your *immediate* service is a new fast-recovery, two-element, flameless water heater . . . ready to keep an abundance of hot water "on tap" at the lowest possible cost.

LIGHT CONDITIONING. Another important "extra" you will enjoy in your Medallion Electric Home is the planned lighting which adds charm and beauty both inside and out . . . makes work and play areas brighter and safer. Information about the Medallion Electric Homes in your community can be obtained from your electrical contractor or your local Hydro office.

HYDRO is yours

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

When quality is equal or better it is good business to buy Canadian products. When you do you are helping to build Canadian industry....

A CANADIAN COMPANY
GROWING WITH CANADA

exploration
production
pipelines
refining
marketing

ROYALITE OIL COMPANY LIMITED

The truth about the undefended border

Continued from page 17

I credited my boy, 8, with a tin of tobacco

night and took him for two dollars and sixty five cents.

On our return a year later I brought back with me a matchbox of fourteen Mexican Jumping Beans from Tijuana, Mexico. They were intended as presents for Pat and Ike and Hoddie and Moin but were confiscated at the border. It was a sad blow even though my brother Oink pointed out that they had lost all their jump since before San Francisco. (Almost a year later he admitted to me that he had placed them over the Pullman heater to warm them to greater activity and had succeeded only in cooking them.) This information did not dilute my feeling toward border officials at all.

By this time I knew that the border was bigger than I was, but formative early years on the prairies and a Presbyterian grandmother who had spoken only Gaelic till she was eighteen can leave a man wistful for the rest of his life that he were made of the same stern stuff as Greek heroes and covenanters, even if he wishes to. He cannot discontinue the hopeless fight against the powers of Fate and Customs and Immigration, implacable and much more powerful than any one mortal.

I was lucky or unlucky during university years to be exposed to the clean and barred logic of another Scot, a classical economist professor, Dr. A. B. Clarke, who opened each class by raising his clenched fist high over his head and declaring, "I am no politician. Our interest here is in the science of economics and its laws as they are—not as we may wish them to be." He would go on to tell us that Protection by Tariff was an abomination and Free Trade the salvation of man, invoking the nineteenth-century saints Adam Smith, Mill, Ricardo. Dr. Clarke's influence is still upon me, for in the intervening years whenever I have crossed the border I have stuffed my pockets with packages of Chesterfields, credited my eight-year-old son on one occasion with two pounds of Sir Walter Raleigh pipe tobacco and two cartons of cigars, my five-year-old daughter with a gallon of Old Grand Dad Bourbon. This sort of thing I suspect is a categorical imperative for all Canadians, but I wonder if they are visited as I am by the border-crossing feeling. It grows upon you gradually, starting about a hundred miles south of the line and strengthening as you near the gates. It is a compound feeling and here is my recipe: one part visceral tension, one part vague shame, one part excitement, one of trepidation and two of who-the-hell-cares. I also get this feeling or one much like it whenever I go to the bank to plead for a note renewal. It once visited me before a ten-cent slot machine in Las Vegas and many years before that just as I was about to kiss a Williston, North Dakota, girl scout (Troop Nine) in our green Peterborough canoe in the middle of Carlyle Lake when I was fourteen.

From the time they put my grandmother in bond at Victoria till almost ten years ago I had taken part in few border incidents of any magnitude. There was, of course, the sectional fibreglass duck-and-goose boat I tried to import from Waseca, Minnesota. The stern half made it through Kingsgate to Lethbridge, south of our town; the bow slipped through Sweetgrass, Montana, and ended up at Okotoks, north of our town. This schizophrenic boat presented such a problem in international trade that I was successful in importing only one half of it legally and gaining for the other half a sort of special parole. Almost a year later I received a frightening registered letter from Ottawa warning me that since only official charity had cleared the fibreglass duck and goose boat stern I was liable to a fine almost as great as five years' taxes on my house, or imprisonment for six months or just both. Simply by taking three trips to Calgary, hiring a bondsman and filling out forms in quintuplicate I managed in the end to release my stern property.

By this time I had become an addicted amateur importer. And now I must explain how I came to be compelled recently to import some banana plants into Alberta, aside from the pure challenge and daring of it, that is.

A year after they'd snatched my Mexican Jumping Beans from me I moved to St. Petersburg, Florida, with my mother and younger brothers. This was because I had developed a tuberculous wrist that necessitated a mild winter climate. Here for four years at school chapel I sang *God save our gracious King* each day while the rest of the students belted out *My country, 'tis of thee* (same stolen tune). Back of our apartment with the palmettos and poinsettias, the pecan, mango and sour orange trees, there were several banana plants, such as a large one with brilliant but inedible red fruit called a Horse Banana, and a small one with delicious fruit called a Lady Finger Banana. The canoe-paddle leaves on these hung tattered and limp, whispering over and over in the tropical breeze: Lord and Lady Greystoke ... and sometimes "Me Tarzan—you Jane." Two things happened during the three years in Florida: the tubercles in the wrist became dormant and my original forty-below-proof Saskatchewan blood was replaced by a dilute tropical variety with very tender corpuscles.

In the thirty-some years since I have not once been completely warm, but I have built onto my house a thirty-five-by-fifteen-foot area of glassed-in tropics. With thermostatically controlled heat and automatic humidity it looks tropical: eighty-five orchid plants blow-torch pink and lavender and yellow, the utterly pure

---

PARADE

Who's parking? We just ran into the pole

There are three signs on one utility pole on the street behind the federal government office building in Newcastle, N.B., and together they point to minor confusion. They read:

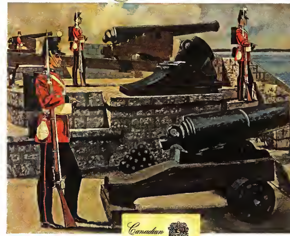
— Government Employees Parking Only
— 10 Minute Parking Only
— Private Driveway — No Parking Anytime

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's

---

Original
Fine
Canadian

The fine Canadian tradition of service is represented in this painting of Old Fort Henry. These are sentries on duty at the Citadel of Upper Canada around 1860, a fort which still dominates Kingston, Ontario



Certified 8-year-old
Canadian Whisky

Another fine Canadian tradition is serving Canadian Schenley O.F.C. The name O.F.C. stands for Original Fine Canadian. *Original*, because it was the first 8-year-old Canadian whisky to carry a numbered, dated and signed certificate stating its true age. *Fine*, because it is aged for eight years in small oak casks for that bouquet and excellence of flavour that only age can bring. *Canadian*, because it is made for Canadians and by Canadians—a whisky of truly outstanding quality.

Canadian
Schenley
O.F.C.
CANADIAN WHISKY
This is a superb, fully-aged whisky, a proud achievement of Canada's most distinguished master distillers
Canadian Schenley Ltd.

Canadian
Schenley Ltd.
"Distillers of Certified Aged Whiskies"

ORDER OF MERIT, AGED 12 YEARS • RESERVE, AGED 8 YEARS • GOLDEN WEDDING, AGED 6 YEARS

HAVE YOU EVER WANTED TO SERVE JUST ONE THING THAT NO ONE COULD BETTER?

When such an occasion does arise, you naturally want to be sure your choice is correct beyond doubt. Your task will be delightfully simple if you serve Harvey's Bristol Cream Sherry. There is nothing better.

Bristol Cream is a blend of the genuine sherries that only Spain can produce. Many of them were put down well before the turn of the century. The result is the greatest sherry you can buy—no matter who you are, or what you are willing to pay.

Bristol Milk is another outstanding Harvey's sherry. It, too, is an Oloroso (rich, with a certain sweetness) of rare quality. Another Oloroso, of more modest price, is Harvey's very popular Shooting Sherry. If your preference is for a Fino (without sweetness), then by all means try Harvey's Bristol Dry. No matter which you choose, you'll find the cost of Harvey's sherries well within your reach.

And a joy of owning and serving real sherry, like Harvey's, is truly a wonderful feeling.

HARVEY'S

Bonded Magazine Representatives Carry this License

ask to see it!

It is your guarantee of subscription fulfillment.

CANADIAN CENTRAL REGISTRY
OF SUBSCRIPTION REPRESENTATIVES

blossoms of gardenias breath a heady and immortal fragrance, flamingo flowers hit scarlet as arterial blood. It has lacked only banana plants. Often I have imagined their leaves drooping with tropic languor, the blossoms of Bird of Paradise with royal blue bills and canary wings uplifted. I could hear myself saying to visitors "Yes — that's *Musa ensete* —its common name is Abyssinian Banana."

Forgetting Ventrillo, Grandma, the Mexican Jumping Beans and the sectional fibreglass duck and goose boat, I sent to Ottawa for a form to use in requesting a form for applying for an import certificate to import banana plants from Hawaii. Such a first form was sent to me. I filled out this form, which would get me a form for getting the import form I must fill out in order to import my banana plants from Hawaii. In time I got from Ottawa the form I needed, filled it in with the generic names of the plants, the name of Mr. F. L. Kong of Hilo, Hawaii, the date the plants might arrive in Canada, the number of packages they might be in when Mr. Kong sent my banana plants from Hawaii. This too I sent to Ottawa. They returned to me the actual import certificate and the proper labels that Mr. Kong had to paste on the parcels when he sent me my banana plants from Hawaii. I sent the order with the import certificate number to Mr. Kong of Hilo, Hawaii, along with two sheets of instructions he must follow if we were to be successful in getting banana plants from Hawaii. I also sent the import certificate to the Chief Officer of the Plant Protection Division of the Department of Agriculture. I waited then for Mr. Kong to send me my banana plants from Hawaii.

Mr. Kong was not idle. He alerted the federal inspector of plants for Hawaii to come with microscope and fumigator to make out a phytosanitary certificate. He wrapped the plants in moist sphagnum moss, their roots in tree fern fibre. He rushed them to the airport. Deep in their moist darkness they flew high over the Pacific, hardly aware that they had left their tropic birthplace.

They made it to Lethbridge within eighteen hours; the plant inspector jumped to his duties, gave them a free bill of health and sent me a note that they had arrived safely.

I wired Mr. Kong in Hilo: "Banana plants cleared Pacific and border safely. Please send phytosanitary certificate soon as. Hurrah!" I believe I paid for the !

My plants did not reach me for eight more days; my home in High River is a hundred miles from Lethbridge. I have not yet established why, after covering thousands of miles in eighteen hours, it took them eight days to come a hundred. I checked back with the plant inspector. I got in touch with the postal authorities. Finally I discovered that the shipment was in bond; my long-distance phone call released them. When they arrived they were dead.

I sat down to write a letter sad and stiff with the formality usually reserved for elegant notes of thanks composed after the funeral of a loved one.

"Dear Sirs," I wrote. "Today I opened my shipment of exotic plants from Mr. Kong of 1477 Kalaniole Avenue, Hilo, Hawaii. They were anything but exotic." I did not remind them of Ventrillo or mention my grandmother, nor did I bring up the matter of the fourteen confiscated Mexican Jumping Beans and the fibreglass duck and goose boat. I said simply: "The growing point on my Abyssinian Banana is black and desiccated, the Bird of Paradise leaves hang limp and jaundiced in death, the Heliconia is moribund."

"We are sorry to hear," Customs and Excise said, "that the banana plants reached you in poor condition and that a high percentage of them were spoiled beyond recovery. It is our consistent policy to expedite the release and clearance of perishable goods. As a matter of fact in expediting a clearance of your banana plants we circumvented Customs Regulations inasmuch as the banana plants were released prior to the duty and taxes applicable having been paid. Please send us the invoice for this shipment and your Import Certificate. On receipt of these we will forward our Postal Card showing the amount of Customs Duty required on this shipment."

I hadn't dreamed that there would be a duty on the banana plants and I wrote to the Chief Officer in Charge of Tariffs for Banana Plants for Western Canada: "What banana plantations does this duty protect in Canada?"

He answered: "It is noted in your letter of March 10 that you feel that your banana plants should not be subject to Customs Duty. In this respect I would advise you that they are subject to an ad valorem duty of 12½% but are exempt sales tax."

Actually I was not protesting the duty, simply trying to understand it. A tariff must serve one of two purposes, protection or revenue. Since obviously there were no banana plantations in Canada, the tariff must be levied to swell the treasury. I considered asking Customs and Excise to send me the figures for the past five years covering the amount of duties collected on banana plants imported into Canada.

One way to beat the border

I have since had notice that I will not be expected to pay any duty on the *dead* banana plants. This makes sense. The cultivation of *dead* banana plants in Canada is quite likely not in need of protection from the West Indies, Hawaii, South America. In Canada we have a definite advantage there, for in the tropics temperature and humidity conspire to make it difficult to raise anything *but* live banana plants.

Enough of ornamental banana plants. Years ago I took a blithe assignment from Maclean's to do a profile article on a Mr. George Ross, the flying rancher, whose ranch east of Milk River along the border was only slightly smaller than some English counties. He tended this principality and his Herefords with the aid of a couple of planes. Very soon after I had started my interviews with him I came to admire him tremendously: he was beating the border magnificently and quite legally. At the time there was an embargo on Canadian beef with a very thin annual quota for each rancher. Mr. Ross bought land in western Montana; he had it declared an American bonding post and there he sent his quota of beef each year, but in terms of early fall calves weighing perhaps three hundred pounds. Quite unaware that they were being held in bond they grazed on American grass, drank American water and put on meat. Three years later they came out of bond weighing perhaps twelve hundred pounds each — all of it on the right or market side of the border.

After my interviews with Mr. Ross I had no way to cover the seventy miles to Lethbridge other than to fly over the border with him, for he was leaving for his Montana leases. He obligingly landed the plane on Highway 91 just south of the border, picking a time when there was no traffic. Soon after his plane had roared off I hitch hiked a ride with an oil truck, which let me out in the Montana border town of Sweetgrass. At 6:40 a.m. I walked up to the barrier carrying my briefcase and portable typewriter. Immigration Officers Scylla and Charybdis were there waiting for the morning's first smugglers and enemy aliens to sneak through. I told them that I wished to pass through to the country of my birth.

The one with his elbows on the counter asked me how long I had been in the States. I said about thirteen minutes and as I did the border-crossing feeling came over me for the first time.

The other officer, the one with his feet on the desk, said: "What was your port of entry?"

I pointed in a direction I thought was east and said: "About forty miles that way."

"There isn't any port that way for over a hundred and fifty miles." (He was exaggerating of course. The next port wasn't even a hundred miles away.)

"I flew over," I explained. "About fifteen minutes ago."

"By hand?"

"No—the rancher had his plane—he was flying over the border anyway to go down to his cattle he has in bond on his ranch. His ranch in Montana is a bonding post. It's the embargo—that's the way he—ah—gets around—handles the beef embargo. It was his plane."

"Did you parachute?"

"Oh no." That was an easy one to answer. "He just landed it on Highway 91 and I got out and caught a ride with an oil truck and—here I am."

They were much more than officially unreceptive. The nearest man was no longer leaning on his elbows; the other had swung his feet down from the desk top and come over to the counter. "He's a very well known rancher," I explained, and added: "In Canada."

Compelled as I always am to talk too much, I hurried on to explain that I was a writer, that I had been visiting the ranch to do an article for Maclean's. Neither of them had ever heard of a flying rancher, nor did they believe I was a writer, that I was doing an article on a flying rancher. Maclean's wasn't even a tooth paste yet.

I spent the morning in Sweetgrass, unable to get through to the Ross ranch by phone. Finally my assurance that I would phone to Mr. Arthur Irwin, then editor, convinced them that I was telling the truth.

But, they explained, that did not change the fact that I had made an illegal entry into the United States at a place other than a proper border crossing. This was bad. They left me to sit for the morning contemplating just how bad it was. Then at noon one of them came to me and said that he was going home to lunch, that the other would probably have to go to the washroom at the back, that the new man coming on would not get there for a couple of minutes, and why didn't I *just stroll* across to the other side in the convenient time gap?

I said: "What about the Canadian Immigration authorities?" He said: "That's their problem and your problem," and left.

As it turned out I did just stroll across. There was no problem at all. "You're a Canadian," the Canadian officer said, "and this is Canada."

For a brief moment I felt a warm glow, but it was soon damped. I am right about that border along with Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill and John Dafoe of the Winnipeg *Free Press*. I shall not ever forget Ventrillo, the Mexican Jumping Beans, the sectional fibreglass duck-and-goose boat. The Abyssinian Banana Plant did not die in vain! ★

The best reason in the world for owning adequate Life Insurance

Is there anything that means more to a man than assuring a happy and secure life for his wife and children? Is there anything more satisfying than the knowledge that he has provided enough life insurance to take care of them, in case anything happens to him?

Today is a good day to talk to a London Life representative.

LONDON LIFE *Insurance Company • Head Office: London, Canada.*

For the sake of argument continued from page 8

have separated, only one of the 192 active church families in his several ethnic groups was divorced, and only one had been in trouble with the police. "They were in trouble most of the time though," he says ruefully.

Some ministers have domestic problems themselves but June Callwood, in Chatelaine, is my authority for the statement that they are a woman's best bet if she wants to stay married.

☐ We care more about children and young people than non-church groups do. Where else do you get the constant loving unspectacular concern for youngsters that the church provides? Who leads the junior choirs, the Canadian Girls in Training and Explorer groups, the Guides and the Brownies, the Cubs and the Scouts? Who provides *and pays for* the space where they meet? True, some communities tax themselves for rinks and athletic programs, and service clubs are liberal with funds for special events, but when it comes to the giving of personal time it's we who are in there pitching. After the war, on the prairies and the west coast, there was a rash of Teen Towns. Where are they today? Down the drain, because you can't buy the only thing kids really want—leadership.

A church in a slum section of Vancouver provided everything from basketball to dramatics for the rootless, restless, undisciplined youngsters who lived under its shadow. It was exhausting to work with them. Often a pair of fourteen-year-olds would take a swing at each other and a third would pile on top before you could draw your breath. Yet two young stenographers came straight from work once a week for two years because they were concerned. They went home worn out and frustrated but back they came the next week for another round.

Manor Road United Church in Toronto is an average congregation, the sort you find in any city. Apart altogether from public worship, 289 adults and 675 young people and children participate in its varied programs every week. Multiply that by the hundreds of churches of every denomination across the country and we win in a walk.

A downtown church in a big city runs a supervised play period every day after school for children who would otherwise haunt the streets. In another, forty immigrants are taught English every Wednesday night by forty church members. Toronto has sixty-five Alcoholics Anonymous groups (though AA is non-denominational); fifty-two groups hold their weekly meetings in church premises.

☐ We send more of our young folk to college. Nothing touches the church for stimulating interest in higher education (I except at once the children of professional people; they try to perpetuate themselves for obvious reasons). In one Saskatchewan town the three daughters of a shoemaker and the daughter of a mechanic found in CGIT the spur to university training. In Regina, eight teen-age boys were a closely knit church group. They are now in their twenties: one is a doctor, one an architect, one an agronomist. Two are chartered accountants and one is on the staff of the University of Wisconsin. Only two did not go beyond high school. These lads came from families of very moderate income. Coincidence? Show me if you can an equal number of graduates with the same economic background drawn from another type of gang.

I asked Bill Shank, president of the national Young People's Union of his church, why he was at college. "I've wanted to go for years," he replied.

"Do you think the church fostered this ambition?"

"I'd never thought about it," he replied, "but it certainly made me want to make the most of myself—and here I am in theology."

Lynn, a jeweler's daughter who graduated last year, says the same thing. She was active all her teen years in the youth groups of her church.

In Wendy, a second-year student, I thought I had an exception. "Religion is not for me," she said. When I told her I was glad to collect a secular specimen, she corrected me at once. "I went to church all the time till I was sixteen," she said. Then she made what to me was an incomprehensible statement. "Of course, even though I don't believe in anything, if I ever have children I'd want them to go to church and have the same advantages I had."

At that she may have something, since the children of the clergy seem to do pretty well as adults. Mrs. John Diefenbaker, Lester Pearson, Sir Ernest MacMillan, physicists Harold and Martin Johns, Canada's ambassador to the U.S. Arnold Heeney, and the distinguished poet E. J. Pratt can hardly be described as blighted.

In passing, let me say that the "irreligion" on university campuses that Ralph Allen reported in his recent article in Maclean's (The hidden failure of our churches, February 25) is exaggerated and much of it is transient. This is the time and place, rightly, for a critical examination of everything. Some young people never take the second step of reaffirmation, but at Victoria College in Toronto thirty-four percent of the eligible students choose religious knowledge as an option in the senior year; forty percent of those eligible choose it.

Even at University College, which has no church affiliation, there is a department of Near Eastern Studies with a staff of nine, four of whom are ordained ministers. Professor Ron Williams says that through a study of the Old Testament prophets and the Synoptic Gospels a considerable number of young people find their way back to church or synagogue.

Only a tiny minority of undergraduates join campus religious societies, but a good many are active in the churches round about. Bill Shank, whom I quoted earlier, says there are at least two hundred University of Saskatchewan students in United Church groups around Saskatoon. The other denominations have their share too.

☐ We pioneer in humanitarian projects. During World Refugee Year (July 1959-July 1960) quite a few people discovered the refugee problem. We discovered it right after the war. Since 1951 the Canadian Council of Churches has helped 10,500 people to settle in this country. One earnest agnostic remarked to Dr. W. J. Gallagher, the council's general secretary, that she wanted to help, but not through the church.

"You don't have to," he replied.

"I can't find anybody else doing anything about it," she said.

Where are the refugees brought by the gentlemen who berate us so roundly?

The Colombo Plan and Commonwealth scholarships are commendable tax-supported schemes to help underdeveloped countries. We've been doing this voluntarily for years. At this moment the women of my denomination are supporting ten overseas students. Yoko Kojima is completing her master's degree at the School of Social Work, Toronto; Wia Sihahal is in household economics at Guelph; Joan Chen of Hong Kong is studying journalism at New York University. We pick up the tab. Anna Jacob, an East Indian girl on the staff of Vellore Medical College, is now visiting centres in England, Scotland, Canada and the U.S. We pay for it, just as we did for her initial degree work in nursing at McGill eleven years ago.

Last summer nineteen professional people from Hamilton, including several medical specialists, spent two months in Africa, sharing their skills, lecturing to students, performing operations. The inspiration for all this was a layman's conference.

Here some of them heard Dr. James Robinson, a distinguished Negro preacher from New York, describe Operation Crossroads, a study-service program in which ten Canadians participated last year. They came from nine universities, and one of them was a Roman Catholic. Each paid $250 personally. United Church men contributed a thousand dollars per student; the remainder was paid by the Crossroads foundation. This is the germ idea of the widely publicized Peace Corps. As it begins, the *third* church-sponsored group goes out; ten more students are being subsidized this summer.

☐ We work harder at, and give more willingly to, community projects. For instance, Keith Gahan, who is president of Canada's largest association for retarded children, is Clerk of Session in his church. Mrs. T. L. Trehin of Regina, the immediate past president of the local Council of Women, got her training in the church women's federation which she led for two terms.

I canvassed a lower-middle-class district in Regina twice within two months, once for the Red Cross, once for the Cancer Society. It suddenly hit me that I was getting exactly the same answers to the second appeal as I did to the first—the same excuses, the same open-handed generosity. It was so striking that I began to ask, as I wrote receipts, whether the givers went to church, and where. I found, almost without exception, that they did. Finally I commented on it to one elderly Roman Catholic woman. She laughed. "What did you expect? We're trained to give."

We meet tragedy with more resilience. In my girlhood I was lucky enough to know Mrs. George H. Stewart, who became stone deaf in middle life, and Mrs. W. M. Musgrove, the mother of four boys, who lost her only girl as a toddler. The former not only learned to lip-read perfectly, but she founded a national league for the hard of hearing.

Mrs. Musgrove, a superb musician, began a girls' choral group in her daughter's memory. They became famous in Winnipeg. The late Sir Hugh Roberton, adjudicating them at a musical festival, remarked that he had never heard his own Celtic Lullaby more beautifully sung.

For eight years as an adult, I looked each Sunday into the face of a man whose wife had been in a mental hospital for thirty years. Deprived of a home and barred by crazy laws from making a new one, there he was in the bass section of the choir. In addition, he was church treasurer and he kept his records with such precision that professional auditors always commented upon their excellence.

Against people like these the "maturity" that comes from "knowing what you can hold" is about as impressive as [illegible] spaghetti.

☐ We have a lot more fun. I and my husband and I lunched on a Monday at a resort in Haliburton County. The proprietor remarked that he had just had a weekend party of young people from a city church — about a hundred of them. "Does that crowd ever know how to have a good time!" he said. "There was something doing every minute."

Why shouldn't we have more fun? We belong to a fellowship in which we've been welcome since we were children and in which we will have a real place when we are old, the *only* organization in which this is true. Our lives are set in a meaningful context; we believe that we are not cosmic accidents, that in however small a way our lives are intended to count. In such a frame of reference you don't need to make a noise to avoid meeting yourself.

"Come off it," you may say. "I went to church once last year. I didn't feel like this."

True. Faith, like education, can't be picked up on the run. It comes from exposure.

As a confirmed churchgoer I've heard dozens of innocuous sermons, listened to scores of ragged anthems. They don't delight me. On the other hand, time and again I've been given a new insight, a new resolve. I've heard noble words set to thrilling melodies, beautifully sung, and they have colored and enriched my days. Best of all, I've touched the lives of men and women, boys and girls whom I love, and some of whom, at least, love me. I'm not bored, I'm not cynical, and I get my "kicks" without a hangover.

Church people are a motley lot. Some are brighter than others, some are better. Some are almost indistinguishable from the folk outside. Like society generally we've often stoned our prophets—the late J. S. Woodsworth, son of the parsonage, is a case in point—but we produce them.

The saints and martyrs of today are figures like Schweitzer, Niemoller, Dr. Dibelius and Berggrav. It is they who have thrown down the gauntlet to tyranny, who have run up the flag of compassion and reminded us what it means to be men.

Let the critics storm, then. As one of his counsellors said centuries ago to Henry of Navarre: "It belongs to the church to receive blows rather than to give them. But it will please Your Majesty to remember that this is an anvil which has worn out many hammers." ★

PARADE

Sand rich

A couple living near **Brandon, Man.**, are looking forward to another outdoor living season though you'd think they'd hate it because half of Brandon seems to use their sandpit for picnics, wiener roasts and midnight beer parties. It used to be a nuisance until they installed big refuse cans and a sign asking people to enjoy themselves but please put the trash where it ought to be. The property owner has to empty the trash cans a couple of times a week, but he says the returns from empty pop and beer bottles make it worth his time.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's.

WHAT'S THE TRUE POSITION OF MARINE FIR PLYWOOD?

What is the true value of Marine Grade Fir Plywood compared with the newer boatbuilding materials? It's time to shed more light on the subject so as to give Fir Plywood the full credit it deserves.

HOW STRONG IS IT? Because each layer of Fir Plywood is laid at right angles to the next, it is actually stronger than steel, pound for pound. And that two-way strength is enduring because it 'gives' ever so slightly and therefore doesn't crack. Also, Marine Grade Fir Plywood is quite unharmed by ultraviolet light, electrolysis or corrosion. Fir Plywood does not grow brittle with age. The endless pounding of water causes 'fatigue' in other materials — the appearance of numerous small fractures, almost invisible at first, which undermine the soundness of your boat. But Fir Plywood has far greater fatigue-resistance than that. The elasticity of wood fibres gives a natural resilience that even stands up to water pressures of 500 lbs per square inch, and jolts at nearly 200 m.p.h. (This was triumphantly proved by "Miss Thriftway", the record breaking hydroplane made of plywood). Resilience is essential to every boat, whether it's a pram dinghy or a big cruiser. It also means you don't have to buy extra insulation against noise, vibration and condensation. It's tiring to cruise hour after hour in a boat that vibrates to every wave and engine revolution. It's less tiring in a Fir Plywood boat because it is quieter than one built of other materials.

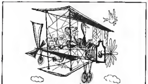
IS THE GLUE WATERPROOF? Neither heat, cold, humidity, chemicals nor age can cause the glue to deteriorate and the very molecules of the glue are bound up with those of the wood as result of a chemical action carried out under conditions of extreme heat and pressure, during production. In addition, every layer of Marine Grade Fir Plywood is solid wood.

IS IT MORE EXPENSIVE? In some cases, yes. But there's more to Marine Grade Fir Plywood than there is to other materials so you get better value for your money. Your cruiser, yacht or runabout needs care and individuality of construction. Above all it needs the extra safety margin provided by the whiplike strength and stamina of modern Marine Grade Fir Plywood. Make no mistake about this: a Fir Plywood boat, whether it's 10 feet or 50 feet, is as strong and long-lasting as a torpedo boat.

See your lumber dealer for a complete range of Fir Plywood boat plans

WATERPROOF GLUE
FIR PLYWOOD
PLYWOOD MARKED (PMBC EXTERIOR) HAS WATERPROOF GLUE
PLYWOOD MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION OF B.C.
550 BURRARD STREET, VANCOUVER 1, B.C.
Field Offices: VANCOUVER, CALGARY, WINNIPEG,
LONDON, TORONTO, OTTAWA, MONTREAL

B 61 5



IT WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE A BIRD WALK

Some of man's early attempts at flight might well have left the bird population shaking their heads.

But man has made amazing progress in aviation and today it's the birds who are left behind.

Here in Canada, with our vast distances, we rely heavily on the airplane. Air transportation depends on having the right fuel when and where it is needed. Imperial Oil makes aviation gasolines and jet fuels available anywhere in Canada—at lonely fuel caches deep in the Arctic, or at busy international airports.

Esso IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED
for 80 years Canada's leading supplier of energy

Corby's
SINCE 1859

Unmistakably the smoothest of all whiskies . . .

Corby's
Special Selected
CANADIAN WHISKY
AGED 5 YEARS

BUY CORBY'S AND YOU BUY CANADIAN

The gift of a doomed child

Continued from page 11

"Some of them do stumble and drool, but with a child you love you don't see it that way"

any other children. "Yes," we said, "another little girl of two."

"And is she normal?"

The question shocked me. "Of course," I said. And for the first time I thought of Karen as "not normal."

Karen slept all the way home and continued to sleep when we put her in the crib. In fact she was too sleepy now so we had to stop temporarily giving her the sedative the doctor had prescribed. Lisa was thrilled to have a baby in the house and she wanted to know when Karen would grow up enough to play with her. Soon, we said — and prayed we were telling her the truth. Our pediatrician said he couldn't tell us anything much till Karen was six weeks old. We'd have to wait and see. So we waited.

She was hard to feed. She couldn't suck well on the bottle and it took an hour to get two ounces of formula in her. We tried six different makes of nipples hoping that one might appeal to her. Finally we got a contraption by which we squirted the milk into her mouth through a tube.

We waited for a suggestion of a smile. We waved bright objects in front of her hoping she'd see them and we tried to provoke a coo. But she just cried and slept and started at small sounds. When she was six weeks old the doctor told us he was still not sure. "Wait till she's three months old," he said, "and I'll arrange an appointment with a neurologist."

So once again we waited. Patience, they say, is a virtue, and I tried to cultivate it — not out of any desire to be virtuous but because it seemed more reasonable to wait patiently than in the wearing state of anxiety in which I'd lived for six weeks. Karen was beginning to teach us already.

When we went to keep our appointment with the neurologist, I was doubly afraid of the diagnosis because by then I knew I was going to have another baby. What if he told us it was something that might happen again. But the neurologist was indefinite too. When pressed to put a name to her condition, he told us it looked like cerebral palsy.

Cerebral palsy. It conjured up a mental picture for me of a child stumbling across a room, drooling at the mouth. But there I was falling back on preconceived notions. It's true some cerebral palsied children do stumble and some do drool, but I know now that when it's a child you love you don't see it the same way. You see only the wonderful spirit that makes a handicapped child try to walk at all. But I didn't need to worry about it. Karen never walked across a room, stumbling or otherwise.

They would give her a complete series of tests when she was six months old, the doctor said, including a brain-wave test. In the meantime we should just try to keep her calm and keep her gaining weight.

Keep her gaining weight! At three months she weighed eleven pounds, but right after that she began throwing up nearly every bottle and losing weight. The sedatives made her sick and when we took her off sedatives she was too tense to swallow. The next three months were a constant battle to get enough food into her to keep her alive.

But it wasn't all drudgery. I remember the evening Karen first uttered a happy sound. She was five months old and until then she'd never cooed or made any sound at all when she wasn't crying. Bix and I were taking turns holding her while we listened to a program of classical music on television. Karen stopped fussing when she heard the music. She cooed and gooed for half an hour. It was an effort for her and she turned her head to one side as though to listen the sounds out — but she succeeded. What is there about music that can strike a responsive chord in a baby like that when all our loving baby talk hadn't been rewarded with a coo? We wondered if it were the vibrations of the music that thrilled her — or was she remembering music from a place she'd lived before she came to live with us? We didn't know. It was enough that she could respond to this world she was in.

Karen was nearly six months old when we took her for her appointment with the chief neurologist at the Hospital for Sick Children. I could tell he loved little babies like Karen. He was gentle as he examined her, tested her reflexes and shone lights into her lovely, inexpressive eyes.

Then he asked us questions. No, she had never smiled. She had never tried to turn over. She had never reached out to a toy. She had never followed an object with her eyes. He was noncommittal as he wrote it all down. Then we took her for skull X rays and photographs for the hospital files and her brain waves were recorded on an electroencephalograph.

The neurologist told us he would see us again in a week to give us the results of the tests. The date of that appointment was October 31, Halloween. We went hoping for the best and expecting the worst. It was even worse than we'd imagined. Karen was spastic, the doctor said. She was physically and mentally retarded and she was epileptic. Although she had never foamed at the mouth or lost consciousness, she did have minor convulsions during which her whole body jerked uncontrollably. The doctor told us there was no known treatment.

"Take her home and love her," he advised, "and see how things go along in the next few months." Then his glance fell on my bulging front. "Don't worry about the next baby," he said. "You could probably have fifteen children and they'd all be normal." I prayed he was right.

I dreaded going home. My mother was minding the children and I didn't know how I was going to tell her. She had been so hopeful. When we told her what the doctor said she couldn't think of a thing to say.

After dinner I dressed Lisa up as a gypsy and took her to the neighboring houses. She was excited as she became part of a make-believe world of shrieking children. I felt sorry for my baby who would never grow up. And I guess I was feeling pretty sorry for myself.

Those next few days were a period of mourning for us. Our faith was threadbare and our hope had disintegrated in the cold, cruel light of medical science. All that was left was love. But maybe that was enough to go on with, I thought. Perhaps some miracle of modern medicine — perhaps some miracle not of modern medicine — could make her a normal child.

In the meantime we needed help. My mother took Karen for a week to give us a chance to think and I began phoning to find a woman who could help me during the day and baby-sit occasionally so we could get out evenings. My mother was the only person we had ever left Karen with so far, and she lived forty miles away.

As soon as I talked to Mrs. Campbell I realized she was the person I'd been looking for. With her help two days a week I began to feel more rested. Bix and I took turns getting up with Karen in the night because she never did sleep more than four hours at a stretch.

In February my mother took Karen again for a week to give me time to get things ready for the new baby, due in another month. I phoned one evening to see how Karen was and mother said, "Fine. I took her to a chiropractor this morning."

Karen's condition improved considerably under chiropractic care. She was able to get along most of the time without the sedatives that made her so sluggish. She was able to move her once-paralyzed legs a little and she could focus her eyes for short periods in an effort to see.

But in that area, as in many others, Karen gave more than she received. Ron, the chiropractor, came to love her as everybody did who tried to help her. He wouldn't accept fees for his treatment because he wanted to make her a gift of his services. And through her he realized his need to help handicapped children. He is now devoting his day off each week to a clinic for retarded and crippled children that he and two other young chiropractors inaugurated last year. I feel that Karen was initially responsible for this and I'm still astonished that one small baby who couldn't walk, talk or even sit up was instrumental in bringing hope to so many people.

Our third daughter was born on March 12, 1958. The nurse put her on my chest to ride out of the delivery room and Bix saw her for the first time as we were wheeled by the hospital waiting room. She had her fists in her mouth and her eyes were wide open surveying the situation. Nobody needed to tell us. It was quite obvious she had a sturdy body and an eager mind. She was the perfect answer to a fervent prayer.

My mother and father came over to see me and the baby at the hospital and then went to take Karen home with them, for we felt Mrs. Campbell would have enough with the care of Lisa and the house. Karen still took a long time to feed and had tense periods of frantic crying. She was eleven months old and getting very pretty. Her dark hair was turning blonde, getting longer and starting to curl. Her eyelashes were double thickness and very long.

When the new baby, Pamela, and I came home from the hospital Mrs. Campbell took a few days off and Bix stayed home to help me. Pammy was an exceptionally good baby. She hardly ever cried and she slept right through the night. We had a peaceful three days and then mother brought Karen back.

What a day that was! It seemed somebody was either hungry or wet constantly. I was nursing the baby but I had her water bottles to sterilize and I was still sterilizing Karen's bottles. The next day we couldn't get Karen to take solid food or her bottle. She got very fussy and she was hot and dry. We tried giving her water in a spoon and then with an eye-dropper but she couldn't swallow. And as she became dehydrated her temperature soared.

Our pediatrician arrived that evening and told us she probably wouldn't live through the night. He called it brain fever

PARADE

Hired gun

With the annual tourist wave heading for Banff again one mother there is hoisting the corral higher around her four-year-old son. One day last summer, at the tender age of three, he vanished from the neighborhood. She

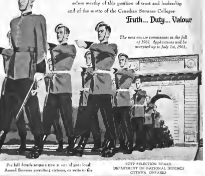
finally tracked him downtown, where he was surrounded by a knot of tourists. In front stood [illegible] glaring like a little tough in his battered cowboy hat and his drooping sixshooters clutching a hot little handful of coins for posing for snapshots.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's.

Truth . . . Duty . . . Valour

Heads up, arms swinging, pride showing in their step, these cadets of the Canadian Services Colleges are on the march to a promising future.
Back of their training is the past, with noble and exacting traditions that shape their lives as they receive their university education.
Ahead lie rewarding careers as officers in the Navy, Army and Air Force.
Each year carefully selected numbers of young men from high schools across Canada are enrolled to train . . . to prove themselves worthy of this position of trust and leadership and of the motto of the Canadian Services Colleges:

Truth . . . Duty . . . Valour



The next course commences in the fall of 1961. Applications will be accepted up to July 1st, 1961.

For full details enquire now at one of your local Armed Services recruiting stations, or write to the

ROTP SELECTION BOARD
DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE
OTTAWA, ONTARIO

COLLÈGE MILITAIRE ROYAL
DE SAINT-JEAN,
SAINT-JEAN, P.Q.

ROYAL ROADS
VICTORIA, B.C.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE
OF CANADA
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

and he wanted her in the hospital right away. Perhaps it would be best," he said "if she didn't live.

But who were we to decide? Surely a power that can create life can take it away if it's best. Who can say what is best? I was glad then of a code that prevented doctors from letting a person die without doing everything they could to avert it. I, who had always championed euthanasia, suddenly realized I didn't believe it was right at all.

Oh, Karen certainly changed our views. She forced us to realize what we really believed when all our philosophical ponderings had left us with just hazy ideals. Philosophers make you think, but experience lets you know.

Karen didn't die that night. She didn't die for another year and I'm very thankful for that. When she'd been in the hospital four days and it became apparent she was going to survive, our doctor suggested we take her to a home directly from the hospital.

She has a home right here. I remember her saying, "Why would we do that?" I couldn't even discuss the subject coherently. When she was released from hospital two weeks later we brought her home with us and so began a frantic spring and summer.

Mrs. Campbell came in five days a week until Pam was three months old and then I decided I would be able to manage by myself. We weren't in a position to afford full time help indefinitely. I found I could manage the three children by myself but just barely. I had no time to play with the children and no time to myself. It wasn't possible for me to nurse Pammy after she was six weeks old, so I had bottles and formula to sterilize for her and after a few weeks of preparing two sets of bottles each day I switched Karen to a cup. She spilled a lot and took half an hour to sip one small glass of milk but she seemed to like it better than the bottle.

Lisa and Pam were early risers and usually were asleep by seven thirty in the evening. But that's when Karen wanted to be held and played with. She was up every evening till midnight and never slept till one or two in the morning. She usually woke once or twice in the night and then slept soundly till about nine o'clock. So Pam ate first, then Lisa and Bix and me, and then Karen. And by the time Karen had been fed and burped and changed it was nearly time for Pam's next meal.

By the middle of August we were worn out and ready to think about putting Karen in a home. I phoned the Association for Retarded Children for a list of private institutions and began investigating. We decided to visit one that was not too far away and fairly small (about thirty children at that time).

We left all three children with my parents one Saturday afternoon in late August and Bix and I set off for our appointment to tour a home. I was terrified! I was used to my own retarded child but to see a whole group of defective children seemed the saddest thing in the world. I was depressed when we arrived at the big whitewashed house but the man and his wife who run the home, Mr. and Mrs. Vos, soon put me at ease. They asked if we would come with them to see the babies. As I steeled myself and followed I began to realize this was not the unhappy place I had anticipated. The children were clean and content in their little white cribs. Some were beautiful, others were not, but they all responded to the love in the voice and touch of this man and woman who cared for them.

"Parents suffer more than the child"

Some of the babies looked quite normal. I leaned over the crib of one cute little fellow and he reached out his arms. I tickled his tummy and he laughed. He seemed quite advanced for his age, which I judged to be about two months.

"What's wrong with the little one over there?" I asked.

"He's a mongoloid baby," they told me. "Isn't he a tiny thing for eighteen months?"

We discussed fees and I told them we'd bring Karen two weeks from then.

The next two weeks I was busy getting Karen's clothes ready. I told myself it was as if she were going away to school. "And if you don't like it," I whispered to her, "we'll bring you home again."

When the Saturday came to take her I dressed Karen in her best pink dress and her soft white shoes that had never been walked in. She was seventeen months old. When everybody had kissed Karen goodbye, Bix and I set out with her for the two-hour drive.

When we arrived we all went to the sitting room where we unpacked Karen's clothes and I told Mr. and Mrs. Vos all the things Karen liked to eat and drink and things I did for her when she was fussy, the way to soothe her when she woke up screaming at night. I'd written it all down on a list, but I told them anyway. Then we took Karen to the nursery and put her in a crib. For once I was glad of her limited awareness. She didn't know what was happening.

As if he read my thoughts, Mr. Vos put his arm around my shoulders consolingly. "The parents suffer more than the child," he said.

So we left her and if hearts really did break, ours would have then.

We began to live a normal life after that. I had time to do the housecleaning I'd neglected so long and we could entertain in the evening without interruption.

Mr. Vos kept us informed. Karen had settled down after the first week but was very difficult to feed, he said. She took longer to feed than any other child at the home. No wonder we'd had trouble!

On Thanksgiving weekend we visited my parents' home and brought Karen here for two days. It was a cloudy, cold weekend and our spirits matched the weather. Karen cried quite a lot and so did I. We felt frustrated when we took her back to the home.

We did a lot of thinking in the next few weeks. Was it right, we wondered, to put Karen in a home? How could we be sure we had done all we could for her? Maybe if our faith was strong enough she would improve. Lisa kept asking us to bring her home again. We phoned Mr. Vos in the middle of November and we brought Karen home the following Sunday. She'd been away for nearly two months.

At Christmas, she laughed

I could relax then with all our children under one roof again and Karen seemed happy to be home. We decided that her life had a purpose and that whatever the outcome it was part of a plan. I remember I said that Karen would be walking by her second birthday or she wouldn't be alive. Even though doctors had told us she might live for another ten years, I didn't believe them.

We were very happy that Christmas 1958, Karen's second and last Christmas with us. Santa Claus brought Karen a golden-haired doll and a blue toy piano. She lay on her tummy in front of the Christmas tree as I played a few notes on the tinny-toned piano. Then Karen laughed! A beautiful, happy, perfectly normal laugh. And this was the child they said could never even smile. Only the parents of a retarded child can know the sheer joy I felt at that moment. No other gift I've received on any Christmas morning can compare with the one Karen gave me.

Karen continued to laugh after that morning — not frequently but then that made the rare moments more lovely. She smiled quite a lot and she learned to be loved and to love in return. She cooed and gooed when we stroked her hair and cuddled her. How different from the unresponsive baby we'd brought home from hospital twenty-one months before.

In February I found I was pregnant again. Lisa came down with a severe case of measles and then Karen got a mild case of measles — at least we thought it was measles but we know now it couldn't have been. It must have been roseola. I was getting more and more exhausted. In March we decided we'd have to put Karen in a home again, at least through the week, and have her home just on weekends. We found a small place run by a kind woman just half an hour's drive from our house. We could have her home every weekend, we decided.

I said goodbye to Karen on Friday, March 13. My sister went with Bix to take her to the home because I didn't have the courage to go with her myself. Karen loved us now and that made it harder. On the following Monday Karen came down with the measles. She was being well taken care of, we were told, so maybe we should wait a week before having her home. We phoned every day and she was fine. The rash came out in full on the following Friday, but she seemed well, they told us. She ate her lunch and if Karen was eating I thought she couldn't be too sick.

It was seven o'clock that evening, on Friday, March 20, that the doctor phoned. Karen had died suddenly. It was all over in an hour.

The next few days we arranged the funeral under the blessed anesthesia of shock. I was still in that dazed state the following week when I had a miscarriage and it wasn't until I was home from the hospital that the shock wore off and I began to see Karen's life in perspective.

Our grief was mostly for ourselves. How could we be sorry for the soul we called Karen? She had come to teach us some very important things and then she'd left that frail little body to go on. And if doing good enriches a soul during a lifetime, then Karen's soul was enriched.

Karen gave us many gifts in her two years on this plane of existence. She gave the gift of self understanding to some who loved her. She awakened dormant compassion in others. Because of her we realized that life really is sacred—that every human being is born for a purpose, although that purpose is often not discernible to our human minds. And perhaps the greatest gift my daughter gave me was the gift of love. A wise woman once told me that the only perfect human love is the love of a very small child for its mother. It is a pure and a guileless love. And though she was unaware of many things, Karen knew about love.

Karen was mentally retarded, but she was not retarded in spirit. She evolved spiritually in those two years. And because we loved her, we too grew a little closer to God. ★

"What a chump I was . . ."
MOTEL

LONG DISTANCE makes reservations firm and fast!

Don't take chances on spoiling a vacation. Phone ahead and confirm the sure, personal way. Costs so little for the peace of mind it gives . . . only $1.35 for a 400-mile call, for instance — night rate, three minutes.

TRANS-CANADA TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Canada's major telephone companies, united to send your voice anywhere, any time.

A girl like me, I said, deserves a postage meter!

"I'm useful. I'm busy. I spend hours on the phone every day. I do oodles of odd jobs around here. I'm too bright to waste time sticking stamps, sealing envelopes. And I'm too well paid.

"That's what I told the boss. Okay, he said. So we got a postage meter. Golly! Why didn't I pipe up ages ago?"

When you have a postage meter: You bypass those glued stamps. Get rid of stamp sticking and good-bye government stamped envelopes. Keep the stamp box for petty cash.

You always have the right stamp—because *you print it*. Any amount for any kind of mail. Right on the envelope, or on special tape for parcel post. Plus your own small ad, if you want one. You stamp and seal a day's mail in minutes!

How do you buy postage? Go to the nearest postoffice. They set the meter for as much as you want to buy, a little or a lot. Postage in the meter can't be stuck together, swiped, borrowed, burned up, or blown away! Also, it's automatically accounted for! And metered mail takes less time in the postoffice, can often make earlier planes and trains.

You're too small for a meter? Not at all! More than a hundred thousand small mailers use the DM, desk model postage meter. One-third of DM users average less than $1 a day for postage — like the DM for its convenience.

Like to have a demonstration in your office, no obligation? Call the nearest Pitney-Bowes office. Or send coupon for free illustrated booklet.

FREE: *Handy Postal Slide Guide with rates for all classes of mail.*

Pitney-Bowes
POSTAGE METERS
Offices in all principal cities coast to coast

PITNEY-BOWES OF CANADA, LTD.
Dept. 1399, 909 Yonge Street
Toronto 5, Ontario
Send free ☐ *booklet* ☐ *Postal Slide Guide to:*
Name ______
Address ______

Burglary by license

continued from page 14

Their reward is a variable commission for the goods they bring in: five percent of the value of a car, a flat $25 for a television set. Their numbers have grown with the growth of installment buying. In the Toronto metropolitan area, for instance, there were eighty-seven licensed bailiffs and assistants in 1960 against fifty-four only three years earlier.

The transcripts of cases in which bailiffs have been tried for assault show that some of them — it can't be said with certainty how many — are convicted criminals, and the cases themselves show that there are bailiffs with a taste for brutality. In an incident that failed to reach the courts last year a bailiff repossessing goods in Toronto punched a pregnant woman in the stomach, bringing on a miscarriage. His employers paid the woman $10,000 without legal action on her part and the affair was thus kept fairly quiet. Alarmed by the number of bailiffs appearing in court on assault charges, the Ontario Attorney-General's Department has rewritten the provincial Bailiff's Act. On January 1, 1962, the new act will bring bailiffs and their assistants under the jurisdiction of the attorney-general, confine their activities to the county in which they are appointed, and set up a public grievance procedure. But the new act will still leave Ontario, like the other provinces where commercial bailiffs are at work, arguing a far graver legal problem. Does a man's signature on a time-payment contract really strip him of the right to rid his home of trespassers if he defaults his payments?

On the other hand, does the law against trespass give a defaulter the right to hang on to merchandise he doesn't own and refuse to let it be taken back by the lawful owner's lawful agent, the bailiff?

Until 1958 the police (in Ontario at least) tended to favor the lawful owner and the bailiff. If a defaulting debtor wouldn't let the bailiff in to repossess an article the bailiff simply called the police, who checked his credentials and then ordered the householder to stand aside.

In the last two years it's been different. The police have tended to take the householder's side and treat the bailiff as a trespasser. The result, according to the bailiff, has been to make it impossible for him to do his work by open, decent, everyday means — he must use guile, if not actual force, or else let the defaulter continue to enjoy the use of someone else's property. Thus, say the bailiffs, the hoodlums of their trade now have an advantage over the honest man. The change was reflected in two court cases heard in Toronto last year.

WOMAN SHOPPER

Unsure as she is in her choice
Of the one style that will suit,
Firm is Melinda's voice
When offered a substitute!

THOMAS USK

In May 1960 a 240-pound bailiff's assistant, Kenneth Lonergan, was accused of knocking a small girl down and inflicting a sixteen-stitch gash on the arm of the girl's father while attempting to seize some furniture. "There is a popular misconception in the minds of many people as to the extent of the bailiff's rights and privileges," said a magistrate in fining Lonergan $50 for assault. "Once it has been made clear to a bailiff that there will be resistance to removal of a chattel, a bailiff grossly exceeds and abuses his rights if he persists in using force."

In a second case that spring the Ontario Court of Appeal reversed a county court judge's decision that the debtor was the author of his own misfortunes. The appellate judges fined three bailiffs a total of $100 for roughly handling a man during a repossession. According to testimony, two of the bailiffs held the man down while the third carried away a TV set. Mr. Justice W. F. Schroeder ruled: "If a person enters the premises lawfully in the first instance, for the purpose of resuming possession of movable property, and subsequently abuses his authority, he becomes in law a trespasser."

Since this decision the Toronto police have enforced a householder's complaint against a trespasser whether or not the trespasser is a bailiff armed with a warrant. It is no longer the bailiff who calls a cop but the bailiff's adversary. The bailiffs, through their provincial association, refuse to accept either the court decisions or the police interpretation of them. David Rose, the association's solicitor, says the police are dead wrong about the law. A delinquent must surrender the property to a bailiff armed with a proper warrant, Rose says. And if he prevents the bailiff or his collector from making the seizure then he's the one who's guilty of assault. Rose believes that the last round of the legal battle must be fought before the Supreme Court of Canada. He plans to seek such a decision if a suitable test case presents itself. Meanwhile, bailiffs are convinced they are often the victims of the police and lower courts which tend to side with the debtor in cases involving force on either side.

"The police are turning us into crooks," says Bruce Gould, the owner of a Toronto firm of bailiffs. A senior Ontario police official confirms what Gould says, in a sense. He keeps a wary eye on bailiffs' operations and says that they can work as successfully by "guile and artifice" as they could with force. He'd rather have them sneak into a house to seize furniture at night than have them risk a brawl by coming in when the household is at home. According to the bailiffs, on the other hand, they need as much guile, artifice *and* force as they can get. They claim that an honest man almost never refuses to return goods he can't pay for.

"The fact is, most decent people never meet a bailiff," says W. E. Hanna, the proprietor of one of Toronto's oldest firms of bailiffs. "If an honest man can't keep up his payments he should — and usually does — go to the finance company and explain his problem. They want their money, not the merchandise, so they'll be reasonable. Of course, if the man simply can't afford to make his payments they'll suggest he return the goods. But that's what any honest man would do anyway, isn't it?"

As the bailiffs see it, that leaves two kinds of people for them to deal with: the deadbeat, who makes a living out of cheating the finance companies, and the irresponsible, who has so little conscience he'll neither pay his bills nor surrender the merchandise. "Against these people," says Bruce Gould, "we have to lie, cheat and connive. If we're going to catch them we have to pull every trick in the book. We have to be twice as crooked as they are." Using these methods the bailiff takes on the deadbeat's usual fear of the police to keep him out of court. But before he can make a seizure, the bailiff must find the debtor, who often "doesn't live here any more" when the bailiff calls at his last known address. For this reason the bailiff seldom shows his warrant at the door. Instead he may plead to be let indoors "because it's cold outside." Or he may pose as a deliveryman, gas-meter reader or even a Bible salesman. When these subterfuges fail, the bailiff employs a specialist in debtor tracking, known as a skip-tracer.

One skip-tracer, a dark-eyed intense man of about thirty-seven, told me he leans heavily on his tape-recorder. Not only does he use it to record telephone conversations (he plays them back over and over to see if he's missed a clue) but he hides one in his briefcase when calling on a subject's friends and relatives in search of leads. A few months ago he was visiting a debtor's parents to find out the whereabouts of their son. After a few minutes of questioning he knew would be futile he excused himself to use the bathroom, leaving the briefcase and its concealed tape-recorder in the living room. In his office later he played back the conversation that took place while he was out of the room. He heard the father dial a phone number and say: "Son, better stay away until later — the finance boys are here." And that was all he needed. By playing the tape back at extremely low speed he was able to count the dial clicks and check the number in a directory to find his man. ★

Shown: Fiberglas Translucent Panelling patio divider, garden fence; Fiberglas Reinforced Plastic chairs, lawn mower housing; Fiberglas draperies; carport combines Fiberglas Built-up Roofing and Translucent Panelling

FIBERGLAS comfort-conditions your home for a lifetime

Full Fiberglas* insulation lets you live in comfort all year 'round. It keeps rooms cooler in summer, warmer in winter and helps cut heating costs, too.

And whether your home is brand new or well-settled, you can add a host of "custom" Fiberglas features: dramatically coloured garden fences, patio and carport roofs of Fiberglas Translucent Panelling that never needs painting; easy-to-care-for Fiberglas draperies; sturdy Fiberglas Reinforced chairs, planters and lampshades; ageless Fiberglas Screening for windows and sunporches. All these Fiberglas materials and products are available to Canadians today. When you buy or build, visit model homes in your community and see the exciting new ideas the building industry has to offer. *T. M. Reg'd.

It's amazing the difference Fiberglas makes!

FIBERGLAS
CANADA LIMITED

JACK SHADBOLT: From the Riviera, a memory of Vancouver

Jack Shadbolt is now living and painting at the Villa Clos Marthe near Menton, on the Riviera. Most of his work has been done, however, under skies very different from those of the Mediterranean — notably the coast of British Columbia, a region not noted for its long periods of sunshine. Shadbolt, 52, was born in England. He grew up in Victoria, B.C., where he was influenced by Emily Carr. Of his painting of Vancouver harbor by night he writes: "I am always fascinated by the dark water with the city burning across the back in reflected fire and the boats at their moorings like gleaming white fish."

After the last putt... relax with a **DEWAR'S** *...it never varies*

Distilled, blended and bottled in
Scotland, "Dewar's Special" Scotch Whisky
is available in every province of Canada.
You'll really enjoy Dewar's . . . one of the great
Scotch whiskies of the world.

D61 17

Welcome your Census Taker

In June, Census Takers will ask questions of you and all other residents of Canada. Your answers, combined with those of others, will produce facts vitally important in guiding the development of Canada's future—in planning schools, hospitals, public utilities, farm and industrial production.

The Census is an enormous task undertaken once every ten years. Only with the co-operation of every Canadian can it be done quickly and accurately.

All information you give is kept in strict confidence. By law, every person must answer the Census questions but the answers can be used only by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics for the preparation of statistics. Information about individuals cannot be disclosed to any other government department or agency, private organization or individual.

An accurate Census benefits us all. When the Census Taker calls at your home, please welcome him and HELP CANADA COUNT! 11-61

DOMINION BUREAU OF STATISTICS

Published under the authority of The Honourable George Hees, Minister of Trade and Commerce

When Fulton came from Ottawa to clear up details, Premier Bennett was conveniently not to be found

Diefenbaker thus had no reason to expect trouble from Bennett, without whose provincial water license the scheme could not go ahead. To be sure, in the haste to sign the treaty one point had been left unsettled — how were the federal and provincial governments to share the construction costs? This small detail, it was assumed, could easily be ironed out at leisure. But Diefenbaker did not know his Bennett.

It must have been with popeyed incredulity that the prime minister and his treaty negotiators, Davie Fulton and Howard Green, read an innocuous-looking dispatch from Victoria. The provincial premier had suddenly acquired grave doubts about the whole deal. Though he had already approved the treaty he now referred it to his provincial Energy Board for prolonged investigation. The board would not report until summer and might report adversely. Meanwhile Bennett would issue no water license on the Columbia.

To increase the federal government's mortification, the United States Congress — ignorant of Canada's internecine bickering and its constitution — promptly ratified the treaty and expected the Canadian Parliament to do the same without delay. The Canadian government could push the treaty through Parliament, but it was powerless to lay a yard of concrete until Bennett announced his one-man ratification. A provincial premier calmly undertook to hold up the high policies of two national governments until he was good and ready to proceed. And, unknown to Ottawa, he was meditating a still larger démarche.

If Ottawa had read more carefully the fine print of Bennett's speeches, if it had noted his apparently casual remarks at press conferences, it would not have been caught so flatfooted by his second thoughts.

He had approved the treaty but he had never liked it much, had finally persuaded himself that it was a poor bargain as it stood, and had long been convinced that the Diefenbaker government was totally incompetent anyway. Now he pounced on an indiscretion from the usually discreet lips of Davie Fulton.

When the chief Canadian negotiator said that the downstream Columbia power could be delivered in Vancouver at the bargain-basement price of 3.77 mills, Bennett demanded proof of this figure. How had Ottawa calculated it? Did the federal government really know the probable cost of power? Had it even surveyed the Columbia adequately before making a contract with the United States?

Bennett was doubtful about all these questions and had something else in mind. From the start he intended to harness the Peace, a river entirely under his control, through a syndicate headed by the Swedish financier Axel Wenner-Gren. The Columbia and Peace schemes, he said, must proceed simultaneously. The federal government, seeing no market for this double supply of power, regarded Bennett's plan as uneconomic if not idiotic and hoped he would forget it before he complicated and perhaps frustrated the Columbia project.

The news of delay in Victoria was shattering in Ottawa and confirmed the federal government's belief that Bennett's private priorities ranked the Peace far in advance of the Columbia—a suspicion he passionately denied. He was only trying, he said, to make the best bargain and get the lowest possible power rates for his people on either or both of the two rivers.

Following a period of numbed silence the federal government sent Fulton to Victoria on a scouting expedition. The minister of justice, regretting his off-the-cuff remark about power at 3.77 mills, explained that it was merely an estimate, that no exact figure could be fixed in such a huge project and he was prepared to negotiate with the sovereign government of British Columbia as he had negotiated successfully with the sovereign government of the United States.

Fulton's diplomacy had been more than adequate in Washington. He couldn't get past the outer door in Victoria. When he called at the legislative buildings Bennett was conveniently out and didn't return until the distinguished visitor had left in quiet anger. To the injury of holding up the Columbia scheme the premier had added a calculated insult to the federal government's official ambassador.

Ottawa's plans were now in disarray but Bennett's were advancing on schedule. As anticipated, his Energy Board had filed an interim report urging that the treaty should not be ratified until the board could complete its studies late in the summer. The federal government had been taught a lesson in bad manners. And Bennett's darling, the Peace River scheme, which seemed to be languishing, had been revived by another surprising manoeuvre.

Up to this point the federal government had assumed that Canadian consumers alone would use all the power developed on the Columbia as soon as they needed it, that the national policy prohibiting long-term power exports would not be altered. This policy was introduced by the Mackenzie King government in the Twenties because the United States refused on the contract date to release power temporarily imported from Ontario, even though Canadian consumers badly needed it. Unable to recover its power, Canada, said King, would never enter such an ex-

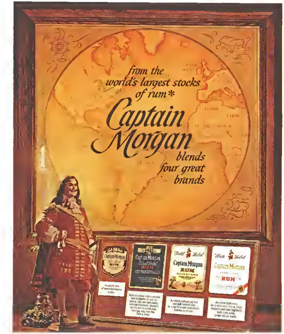
PARADE

Keyed up

Two hundred European-made cars were recently unloaded at a Vancouver pier and next day a local dealer's man was dispatched to get them off the pier. The pier staff had taken such

good care of the cars they had locked each one up for the night, and the dealer was handed a brown paper bag containing 200 sets of almost identical car keys to sort out for himself by trial and error.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade c/o Maclean's


from the world's largest stocks of rum*
Captain Morgan
blends four great brands
Captain Morgan De Luxe Rum
Captain Morgan Black Label Rum
Gold Label Captain Morgan Rum
White Label Captain Morgan Rum

*CAPTAIN MORGAN HAS THE LARGEST STOCKS OF RUM IN THE WORLD

Moving is a serious business!

MOVING: That's a "worry" word to most wives. A word that conjures up visions of plaster ... of living for days among a welter of packing cases and muss. The whole household turned upside down ... the children a source of disarray!
Whether you're moving across the continent or within a province "why not let an Allied agent be your worry bird"?
Allied experts will estimate your move, pack quickly and carefully, transport ... place furniture and unpack at the other end. All with a minimum of muss and fuss.
Look under MOVERS in the Yellow Pages of your telephone directory to find your ALLIED agent

ALLIED VAN LINES LTD.

In the next Maclean's

Night of terror

Last February a Winnipeg lawyer came home late at night and found himself the captive of two armed and desperate men. Read the chilling story of how he saved his own life, in the June 17 Maclean's, on sale June 6

PETER WHITTALL SAYS:

STOP WOOD ROT

apply a coat of **PENTOX** WOOD PRESERVER before you paint

- Makes wood last 3 to 5 times longer
- Reduces paint blistering and peeling
- Costs less than primer coat of paint it saves

For fence posts and wood in contact with ground—use Osmose Fence Post Mixture

WOOD PRESERVING COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

port contract again, and all succeeding governments have upheld this prohibition.

In national policy power is regarded as a capital asset, the fuel of future Canadian industry and, unlike ordinary goods or individual industries, is not for sale to foreigners who may agree to return it at a certain date but may again fail to honor the contract. Bennett and powerful British Columbia business interests consider these fears quite groundless. By its valuable treaty, they say, Canada can automatically recover its power at a specified time.

Up to this point also Ottawa had assumed that it was engaged only in a routine passing disagreement with Bennett, who flourishes on controversy and indignation. Now it discovered that in the case of the Columbia he had undertaken to smash the nation's no-export policy.

Ottawa was ready to let the United States have part of Canada's half of the downstream benefits until all the power was needed by Canadian consumers a few years hence but it had never contemplated the long-term foreign sale of power made in Canada at Mica Creek or anywhere else.

Victoria argued that all power not immediately usable in Canada should be sold for a fixed period of years, the American dollars thus earned being used to pay part of the cost of the Canadian dams and to keep the price of Canadian electricity at a minimum.

The clash between the two governments on the old issue of power exports was finally clarified but that cloud on the horizon looked only as big as a man's hand when Bennett invited Fleming to Victoria. The premier was not going as a suppliant to Ottawa; the federal government could come to him.

Fleming came and hopefully entered the office that had been barred to Fulton. Two days later a grim minister of finance emerged with tightly buttoned lips and a double-barreled ultimatum in his pocket.

The federal government, said Bennett, could finance and build the whole Columbia scheme alone. Or alternatively the provincial government would build it, but only under far-reaching guarantees.

After posing for a ritual photograph with his host before a map of the Columbia—both men wreathed in transparent newspaper smiles—Fleming returned to Ottawa in silence. It was seen clear as Bennett doubtless knew in advance that his ultimatum could not be accepted by the federal government.

Ottawa is not prepared to build the Columbia scheme alone, first because it thinks British Columbia should pay at least half the capital cost, second because it is not sure of selling the power thus produced to the only available customers, the private B.C. Electric utility empire and the provincial B.C. Power Commission, both of them effectively controlled by Bennett.

What if the nation spent half a billion to tap the Columbia and then found that the two customers refused to buy power at an economic price? Ottawa didn't intend to get out on that limb at the risk of being sawed off by Bennett.

The alternative of a purely provincial scheme was perhaps even more objectionable to Ottawa on Bennett's terms, since Ottawa was asked to guarantee, by appropriate financial measures, that Columbia electricity would be delivered in Vancouver at a maximum cost of 4.25 mills.

Bennett had been generous, as he thought, in raising Fulton's earlier figure, but Ottawa, unable to foresee the cost of borrowed money and hence the cost of construction, was not prepared to make the required guarantee at the risk of heavy financial losses. Moreover the provincial offer was based on the assumption that Canadian surplus Columbia power, in large volume, would be sold for a long period in the United States, as forbidden by national policy.

The stalemate between the two governments was now frozen solid. The federal government, growing desperate behind a stolid parliamentary mask, feared that any further delay might be fatal to the Columbia treaty. Fulton told the House of Commons that the entire power project could be lost forever if the United States, disgusted by Canada's inaction and hungry for electricity, turned away from the Columbia and decided to make its own power in thermal plants at home.

As Ottawa wondered whether it should even submit the treaty to Parliament this year and tried to unravel Bennett's motives, they were suddenly revealed in the least expected place with explosive impact.

Ray Williston, British Columbia's minister of lands and forests, disclosed his government's master plan at a meeting of the Pacific Northwest Trade Association in Portland, Oregon. He proposed that the power production of the entire Pacific drainage basin from Alaska to California be turned into an international pool from which Canada and the United States would take what they needed when they needed it. Power, in fact, would be internationalized.

Not only the Columbia but also the Peace and the Liard (both of which drain into the Mackenzie River system and flow into the Arctic) and the Yukon and presumably all other available rivers would be dammed by stages to feed this enormous grid. Canada would not merely export some Columbia power as a temporary basis to earn ready cash but would embark on permanent, wholesale, unlimited exports from every possible source. Power would become a large item of Canadian foreign trade.

The news of a frontal attack on national policy delivered to foreigners, appalled the federal government. After the first shock, however, it suspected that Bennett had overplayed his hand. If minor temporary exports had substantial support in western politics as an easy way of making a fast American buck, the prospect of committing British Columbia's major industrial resource, the future fuel of its economy, to an international agency was calculated to alarm the whole nation, or so the federal government hoped.

As Ottawa sees it, Bennett's plan simply means a sellout of Canada's capital—not its goods but the means of making them, not its production but its estate.

The assumption that Canada can recover such power exports whenever they are required for Canadian use, can turn off the switch at its own convenience, is regarded by the federal government as naive and ridiculous. Once the growing communities of Washington, Oregon and California became dependent on Canadian power they could not abandon it even if they wanted to. Such a contract couldn't be enforced between friendly nations. The switch couldn't be turned off. The power would be lost to Canada forever.

That being Ottawa's view (quite childish in Bennett's eyes) it would rather postpone the Columbia scheme indefinitely than build it at the price of alienating the nation's heritage. If massive exports from any river are Bennett's price for a Columbia deal, Ottawa is not ready to pay it.

Now that the issue is starkly in the open, Ottawa trusts that the Canadian public at last will understand what Bennett is driving at. For his part the B.C. premier welcomes this clarification because he believes in exports and they alone can provide a market for his cherished Peace River scheme. Besides, he is confident that his provincial voters will back his export drive and a quarrel with Ottawa will be handy for his Social Credit party in the next federal election.

There is still a way out of this impasse. The federal government could lift the Columbia scheme from provincial jurisdiction, declare it a work of national concern and go ahead on its own—provided, of course, that it could first make sure of selling its power in British Columbia at an economic price. It must have firm contracts from the B.C. Electric and the B.C. Power Commission, or both, before it spends a dollar on construction.

Whatever the federal government decides to do, whether it ultimately surrenders to Bennett, builds the Columbia scheme alone or postpones it, the intended timetable is out of joint. Even if the treaty is ratified by Parliament at its present session, which is increasingly doubtful, it will be difficult if not impossible to get construction under way in the autumn as planned and create thousands of jobs next winter.

The only conceivable beneficiaries of this extraordinary mess are the people living along the Arrow Lakes. Under the treaty's engineering design their little towns and farms would be submerged by the High Arrow dam. About 40,000 acres of land, at least half of it arable, the homes of some 1,600 inhabitants and even the low-lying parts of Revelstoke, far to the north, would be flooded forever.

The federal government, preferring a reservoir in the East Kootenay valley far to the east, opposed the High Arrow dam from the start and accepted it only because the Bennett government insisted that it was the quickest and most economic way to acquire cheap downstream power. Ottawa's rage becomes almost incoherent when the federal government is blamed for the impending Arrow Lake flood.

The local residents, who have long struggled to make a livelihood in a beautiful but isolated valley and have entertained hopes of building a tourist industry around a lake as fine as any in Switzerland, will mount a stubborn campaign against ratification of the Columbia treaty.

Parliament will be told by the Arrow Lakes member, H. W. Herridge, that Canada can develop all the on-site power it needs and get reduced but ample downstream benefits as well by a low barrage dam north of the border, the high dam at Mica Creek and small dams on the Columbia's tributaries.

Apart from the ruin of a scenic paradise, Herridge and his people say, the planned Arrow Lakes flood, rising and falling almost eighty feet every year, is bad business. It must destroy a farm and tourist industry worth far more than any possible income from electricity.

Until Ottawa and Victoria collided not merely on some technical or financial question but on the nation's historic power policy, the case of the Arrow Lakes people looked hopeless. The treaty and all its physical results apparently were a *fait accompli* and unalterable. Since treaty policy and Columbia scheme have all been thrown into complete doubt together, the flood just possibly could be averted under a changed engineering plan if the United States would agree.

But at the moment Ottawa and Washington have more to worry about than the threatened local tragedy of the Arrow Lakes. The question they are pondering today is whether a provincial Canadian government can successfully veto the high policies of two sovereign states ★

TRICKLING . . .

NOISY? TOILET

GET THE GENUINE

WATER MASTER

America's Largest Selling TOILET TANK BALL

Noisy running toilets can waste over 1000 gallons of water a day. Stop this annoying noise, waste and expense. The efficient patented Water-Master Tank Ball instantly stops the flow of water after each flushing, stops the flow everytime, not just some of the time.

98c at hardware stores EVERYWHERE

more Canadians drink ***BURNETT'S*** *than any other Gin*

This summer Pan Am offers 18 Jet flights daily from the U.S. to Europe!

Pan Am offers far more Jet service to Europe than any other airline! Pan Am arranges swift connections to its mighty Jet Clipper* Gateways at New York, Boston, Detroit, Chicago or Seattle. Here your Jet Clipper will fly you to Europe or many other destinations.

And Pan Am adds the Priceless Extra of Experience!

Pan Am adds a wonderful feeling of confidence to your overseas flight. For Pan Am is the World's Most Experienced Airline—and this extra experience shows itself in every flawless detail of Pan Am service . . . on the ground and in the air.

*Trade Mark Reg.

Call your Travel Agent or Pan Am at Victor 5-5172 in Montreal, EMpire 8-2941 in Toronto, MUtual 4-2721 in Vancouver

FIRST ON THE ATLANTIC . . . FIRST ON THE PACIFIC . . . FIRST IN LATIN AMERICA . . . FIRST 'ROUND THE WORLD

Visit to a small town: Is it Canada's Peyton Place?

What Souris, Man., thought of the novel that told all

Shortly after Grace Metalious of Gilmanton, New Hampshire, published her first novel, Peyton Place, her husband was fired from his job as Gilmanton's junior high school principal, a local teacher and his wife sued Mrs. Metalious for $300,000 for libel (they later settled out of court) and the Metalious marriage broke up. Similar if usually slighter furors have hit other U.S. towns — like Asheville, N.C., and Sauk Center, Minn. — after other and usually better novels. Even Orillia, Ont., isn't sure yet how it feels about Stephen Leacock. Last year the town of Souris, Man., achieved temporary fame (under the homely pseudonym of Mouse Bluffs) as the setting for A Candle to Light the Sun, a tender, probing and fairly racy first novel by Patricia Blondal, a Montreal doctor's wife who had lived there nine years as a child. Almost immediately the weekly Souris Plaindealer and the Winnipeg dailies thundered that Souris wasn't "the Peyton Place of the prairies." Is it? And how is it taking its literary notoriety? Maclean's sent Winnipeg correspondent Roy Tulloch to find out. His report:

As I headed out of Winnipeg I reviewed what I had dug up earlier about Souris, a town of 2,000 165 miles to the southwest. It had a colorful history. The Irish and Ontarians who settled there in 1881 fought Manitoba's only recorded duel, played polo and cricket, launched fox hunts, ate wild goose dinners, produced a "Napoleon of the west" who lived in a castle, hired a senior hockey team that trounced the famous Winnipeg Falcons, and built the longest — 582 feet — single-span suspension bridge in Canada (which collapsed a few weeks ago). They raised bumper crops, built a picturesque town on the bluffs overlooking the junction of the ribbon-thin Souris River and Plum Creek and, living in the heart of Manitoba's Orange belt, occasionally chased Catholic priests halfway to Brandon.

A Candle to Light the Sun was well read in Souris. One drugstore sold more than forty copies—in hard covers. There was a waiting list for the library's four volumes.

Then came some disillusionment. "Many people returned the book without finishing it," Mrs. Thomas Tovain, town librarian, told me. "They said it was disgusting stuff."

Mayor Al Wright, who has lived in Souris all his life, told me many of the characters in the book had lived in the town at one time or another or at least had provided the pattern for Mrs. Blondal's characterizations. He said she had switched things around quite a bit. Souris was a typical prairie town during the Depression. Money was scarce but they had a lot of fun. A businessman told me: "The town was really rough then. It used to scare me to death."

A lot of people were disappointed because they couldn't recognize their friends in the book; one man told me: "I think they wanted to pin something on them."

A clergyman's wife who has lived in small towns most of her life but wasn't in Souris during the Depression painted a glowing picture of Souris 1961. "The town has a very high tradition," she said. "It's a real family town because it costs so little to curl, golf or swim. It's wholesome."

Is Souris mad at Patricia Blondal? Generally my impression was that it isn't. Part of that may be because Mrs. Blondal died at 32 shortly before the book was published and there is in Souris, as perhaps everywhere, a strong disinclination to speak ill of the dead.

The most violent reaction appeared in the pages of the Plaindealer. G. A. McMorran, its venerable editor and a citizen of Souris since 1912, told me that he "can't stomach the book at all." In a trenchant column soon after A Candle hit Souris, McMorran wrote: "Why did the author, with all her scholarship and ability, create — for they are all fiction as far as Mouse Bluffs (Souris) is concerned — village idiots, drunken bums, and various other low characters of both sexes in order to present a picture of life in a small community?"

THE LATE PATRICIA BLONDAL

Soon after I read this I was talking to a prominent Souris matron. "Young people here are free and easy," she said. "If I wanted I could probably dig up as much dirt as Pat Blondal." ■

FOOTNOTES

About one U.S. subsidiary: While most others operate as minor branch-plants, International Harvester Co. of Canada, with factories in Hamilton (making farm implements) and Chatham (making trucks), Ont., is doing significantly better than its U.S.-based parent company. There are two main reasons: 1) farm machinery crosses the border duty free, so Hamilton-made (and Canadian-designed) implements are competitive in the U.S. — particularly such exclusively Canadian machines as a "compact" combine — and Canadian Harvester exports to the U.S. 70% more Harvester products than it imports. 2) Harvester has designed two "Canadian" trucks, which differ in more than 100 ways from their U.S. counterparts and are 75% Canadian in content, including design. They went on the market March 6. Already demand exceeds supply.

About creative children: One way to spot them may be by their sense of humor. Two western psychologists, after a four-year study of exceptionally intelligent children, pointed out that most of the truly gifted ones had relatively easily tickled funnybones, while those with high IQs alone (meaning not necessarily creative) tended to conform — and be less humorous.

About teenagers: They may be not so bad. After a lengthy study one British anthropologist presented two major conclusions to the U.K.'s Association of Education Committees: 1) There's no evidence that today's teenagers are "more licentious or promiscuous" than adults or youngsters of past generations. 2) Suggestions that teenagers would have no sexual desires if they weren't influenced by the pornographic books and the pop records of today are "nonsensical."

About fate: This is the horoscope for Geminis (born May 22 to June 21) for Wednesday, May 3, as it appeared in the Toronto Star of May 2:

> — More favorable than otherwise. This should be a fortunate and important month for you. Your personal interests and general welfare are under Beatrix Potter, author of the "Tales of Peter Rabbit," beneficent auspices. Be faithful to duties.

About silver foil drives to help the Canadian National Institute for the Blind: the CNIB doesn't want the foil; there's nothing they can do with it. But — apparently in all innocence — collection campaigns keep popping up all over the country. This year it's in Vancouver. Last year it was Toronto. One school collected several tons. A woman had three thousand pieces in shopping bags. The CNIB was answering an average of five calls a day from collectors. With barely decreasing politeness the CNIB told callers to please, please tell the persons who told them to collect it that silver foil is no more use to the blind than it is to smokers.

WHO'S WHO (Pennington-Peterley department)

Who's David Peterley? A diarist whose private writings about the years between 1926 and 1939 were published last year in England in a 286-page book called Peterley Harvest. He is described in the book as "tall and with that strength and slight irregularity of face that women find handsome, especially when matched with blond hair and blue eyes."

Who's Richard Pennington? A 56-year-old bibliophile and occasional CBC performer who is head librarian at McGill University in Montreal.

Did Peterley edit and publish his own diaries? Well no. The "Peterley family papers," in the words on the book jacket, "are in the McGill library's manuscript collection." Pennington prepared them for publication.

Did the British like the book? Not much. The Times Literary Supplement called it a "curious display of vanity and self-pity." The Sunday Times called it a "literary hoax." The son of novelist David Garnett called Peterley's remarks about his father "abominable impertinence." Two other people threatened lawsuits and a third pointed out a clear violation of copyright laws.

PENNINGTON
(from life)

PETERLEY
(from the book)

What did Pennington do? He bought up all the remaining copies from the bookshops of England.

What are the British missing? The story of an English Quaker named Peterley. He tells, mainly, about the pains he took to "bed" seventeen women, among them a French deputy's daughter named Françoise Armand Perier. He tells, too, about his bad luck in founding the Turret Repertory Theatre in Sydney, Australia, about his involvement with the Czechoslovak Association, and about the foibles and peccadilloes of a list of well-known Englishmen from Graham Greene to Neville Chamberlain.

That's Peterley's story. What's Pennington's? Well, Pennington's an English Quaker. His wife's a former French deputy's daughter, Françoise Julien Durand. He was co-founder of the Turret Repertory Theatre in Sydney, Australia, in '28, founder and honorary secretary of the Czechoslovak Association in England in '38. He came to Canada in '46.

What about Peterley's diaries? They're in McGill's manuscript collection all right, in a red box. There are six volumes that include newspaper clippings, letters, and scented notes. The name on all of them, though, is Richard Pennington. As librarian Pennington puts it, these Peterley family papers are among the library's "treasures."

Who's Peterley, according to Pennington? "So real is the original diary," Pennington told an interviewer a few months ago, "and so real are the persons concerned and so strict are the libel laws in England that in the process of publication much had to be omitted." Yes, but who's Peterley? "Peterley's name is fictional," Pennington said, but Peterley's experiences happened to a real person.

Where's Peterley? As the fictional protagonist in a real story he's undergoing some editing. Then, Pennington hopes, he'll appear in Canada in a new book as David Peterley. — CATHIE BRESLIN

REPORT FROM AFRICA

Ralph Allen IN JOHANNESBURG

The question: How much more tyranny for whites?

JOHANNESBURG—For a stranger in South Africa watching the approach of Republic Day and this continent's next great crisis it is impossible to forget the title of Alan Paton's haunting novel Cry, the Beloved Country. It is a country to be loved and it is a country to cry for.

South Africa is full of wild and varied beauty and though the ugly scars of *apartheid* have pushed them into the background its accomplishments in social progress are neither negligible nor invisible. Nevertheless it is hard to escape the conclusion that it is heading for very heavy trouble and perhaps even for disaster.

Its economy has been very seriously shaken by Hendrik Verwoerd's withdrawal of the country from the Commonwealth. In the last few weeks the flight of capital has been over a million dollars a day. To sell South African bonds in London it's necessary to pay a staggering 8% in interest. The local stock exchange hasn't been so weak since 1934. In this big and modern city almost every store has a sale and some of them are labeled starkly "Closing out sale" or "Going out of business sale."

One of the few things I can see for certain and for myself as a very amateur economist is that I can buy a shirt in South Africa for half the price it would cost in New York and a third the price it would cost in Katanga in the copper belt of the Congo. Of course these surface signs may seem to mean more than they really do, but they envelop you from all sides. I have seen half a dozen bets made in a grim parody of the spirit of *fin de siècle* as to whether R Day—Republic Day—will or will not bring worse disorders than the sad massacre of Sharpeville. A few nights ago in a series of swift raids the police seized documents and papers at the homes and offices of a dozen real and suspected supporters of a three-day strike planned for the end of May. The next night two Africans were shot dead in a demonstration against a white administrator. And two days later, as though to underline the infinite variety of this country's difficulties, the board of film censors lifted a ban on a new Elvis Presley film on condition that it be shown only to whites. (In this particular movie Presley plays a misunderstood American halfbreed.)

A few days ago a forty-year-old East Indian newsboy stopped me on the street, quickly identified me as a Canadian and asked me to tell him how our country distinguishes among Indians. Here in South Africa the main distinctions are among whites, Asiatics, Cape coloreds, and Bantu (or native Africans) and in thinking it over I had to tell this earnest Indian to my vast dismay that in Canada and particularly in the mechanics of getting into Canada there were official and unofficial differences among Red Indian, West Indian and East Indian.

"I have heard that the Red Indian grows a beard," he said. "I can easily grow a beard."

"No," I told him, "the Red Indian never has a beard."

"Oh damn," he said like a man accustomed to the sudden betrayal of his hopes. I gave him the address of a department he might write to for better information than I had. "Thank you," he said. "I have two children and four thousand pounds in capital and I know I must move somewhere very soon."

Whether South Africa is a police state is of course a footless question. It is and it has been one for a very long time. For its eleven million nonwhites the pass laws, the residence laws, the employment laws, the marriage laws and all the leather trappings of *baaskap* and *apartheid* are as much a condition of their existence as is and always has been their skin itself. The immediate question is not whether tyranny and dictatorship will be lifted from the blacks. It just won't be—certainly not in the early future. The question is how much and how soon if at all more tyranny and dictatorship will be imposed on the whites. So far even Prime Minister Verwoerd's worst and most angry enemies give him credit for one thing: He still lets them speak up. Those excellent and courageous papers the Johannesburg Star and the Rand Daily Mail still attack his unbridled racism without interference. Perhaps more importantly, the other day Die Burger of Cape Town, an Afrikaans paper that speaks his own language, attacked some features of Verwoerd's color policy.

But even tolerance has an air of Orwellian irony here. The other night, I went to a by-election meeting in the Johannesburg city hall. The speaker was Sir de Villiers Graaff, leader of the United party, spiritual heir of Jan Christiaan Smuts and Verwoerd's only serious political rival.

The vaulted chamber of the Jo'burg city hall was jammed with nearly two thousand people. Sir de Villiers, a dynamic, dark and youngish looking man of 47 who reminds you a little of George Hees, stood behind banks of flowers and in front of a waiting pipe organ and orated for an hour and a half on the need of giving the black man and the partly black man a better say in his own affairs. But as Sir de Villiers full well knew and his party workers full well knew, not a single black man or partly black man was allowed into the hall to hear him. Those who were detected at the door were turned away by the party ushers' polite enough injunction: "Sorry, but this is not a mixed gathering." And those who had in the early rush found their way into a few seats in the balcony were quickly and publicly rushed out. The speaker went on staunchly and fearlessly denouncing race discrimination while it was going on before his very eyes and under his auspices. When I questioned his committee afterward they admitted that if they'd tried they could have obtained official permission for the meeting to be classed as mixed and set aside a section of the gallery for nonwhites. But it was a by-election meeting and the nonwhites wouldn't be voting anyway. It must be said that loudspeakers piped Graaff's words to the rejected portions of the audience who had lingered wistfully in the streets outside. He reminded his lukewarm white audience that these, the blacks in the streets, were the ghosts whose voices must be heard. The people inside began to stir off their hands when he told them they might well be on the verge of a "bloody and devastating conflict . . . There will be more police and more riot squads." And even as he spoke, the police and riot squads were growing within the loudspeaker-sound of his voice.

Sir de Villiers Graaff said some other pungent things as he pressed on with his limited fight to modify but not eliminate the Afrikaner Nationalist party's program of apartness. Some of them illustrate the fantastic diversity of the problem.

"Let's enter the land of Let's Pretend . . . Let's walk through the looking glass with the prime minister . . . Let's forget the unholy mess on our hands right now and join Dr. Verwoerd in his dreamlike speculation of the distant future."

It was, however, not easy when he got down to the fine print to discover exactly how much Graaff differed from Verwoerd. One of his best bursts of applause came when he said, "We are not prepared to hand over control to a primitive proletariat." Another came when he said, "We believe in white leadership but you cannot govern people without their co-operation and consent."

Graaff thinks he could win the co-operation and consent of the black and partly black people by slightly easing but by no means lifting the racial laws. To anyone who has seen, as in the Congo, the chaotic results that can follow the immediate and absolute transfer of power from a trained and educated race to an untrained and uneducated one, the policy, though it cannot be defended by any law of natural human right, is still for the time being a fairly inevitable one. Leaving the clash of principles aside for the moment, and looking only at the facts, the most striking fact appears to be—as an angry letter in the Johannesburg Star charged recently—that South Africa has been turned into a one-party state without anybody's noticing it. The Liberals and Progressives have almost no influence and the United party, while pretending to lay siege to Verwoerd's Nationalist *laager*, is actually right inside passing the ammunition. As for the Zulus, Indians and the rest of the huge majority with dark complexions, they either have no political rights whatever or else such tiny symbolic rights that they are no more than a bitter parody.

And so, alas, with its crisis only days away, this is a country without a safety valve. The Africans and the coloreds, more united in purpose than they have ever been before, are organizing a massive sitdown strike and walkout to coincide with Republic Day. The policemen of the special branch are trying to anticipate them and at least get access to their plans. At four o'clock on a recent morning, at least scores and probably hundreds of homes across the Union were, to use the euphemism, "visited and inspected." One immortal hero, as the cops were beating down his door at 4 a.m., shouted to them, "I never open my door before seven o'clock to anybody." The policeman went away and came back, duly and somewhat sheepishly on the dot of seven.

Two days before this vast night raid began—it was described by the press as the biggest in the peacetime history of South Africa—I had begun arranging for an interview with one of the chief organizers of the planned Republic Day strike. But the police had chased him into hiding and when we at last had our rendezvous it was in the basement office of a friend of his.

"I am not afraid of the police," he said. "The only reason I am hiding is that I just got sick of hanging around courts, jails and the anterooms of jails. I am a fairly young man but I've already been arrested or taken into custody ten times for periods of up to six months. I've had only one trial where evidence for or against me was heard. They sentenced me to nine months, but the sentence was suspended."

I asked him what he and his fellow coloreds and Africans hoped to gain from their carefully planned sitdown strike. Did they want to prevent bloodshed or provoke it? "Blood may fall but any in my neighborhood will be mine, not anyone else's. I have no gun. I have no weapon of any kind. If our strike succeeds and the officials try to drive us back to work, it is they, not us, who will have to do the shooting."

Then he leaned across the desk he had taken refuge behind when the police went looking the night before. "Look," he said. "I don't hate anybody and I doubt that anybody—even those damned silly, floundering policemen—hates me. But the other day I was walking down Market Street with my two children. One is a little girl of three and one is a little boy of four. We came to a park and the little girl shouted, 'Look at the swings, let's go and ride on the swings.' The little boy knew better and tried to explain that we were the wrong color. You hate to warp a child's mind at three and I said, 'We could if we wanted to, but there just isn't time. We have to get home.'"

He was not a bitter man or a boastful man. "But one thing I'll tell you is this," he said. "It may take one year or two years or five years but my little girl is going to get on that swing." ★

VERWOERD

GRAAFF

BACKSTAGE

AT OTTAWA with Peter C. Newman

The books Canada bans

FOR A GOVERNMENT that has an unhappy penchant for stumbling feet first into controversy, the Conservatives' record in the touchy business of keeping indecent literature out of this country is remarkably good. And they've managed to do it without rousing the critics of censorship.

Their success is due mostly to the ability and wit of George Nowlan who as minister of national revenue is charged with the job of banning the inflow of undesirable literature. A fourth generation politician from Nova Scotia's Digby county where he has been winning elections since 1925, Nowlan is by long odds the best liked Tory cabinet minister on both sides of the Commons.

Nowlan takes the view that only raw smut and universally recognized pornography should be kept out. "The whole principle of censorship is repugnant to me," he says. "I've relaxed the practice that was in effect before we came to power of ruling against works that we found were even slightly questionable."

Lady Chatterley's defender

His feeling is that no single man is sufficiently omniscient to rule what should be denied to the reading public and he prefers to rely more heavily on the good sense and good taste of the majority of Canadians. Soon after he moved into his job Nowlan lifted the ban on the American magazine Confidential. He also approved the import of D. H. Lawrence's Lady Chatterley's Lover, while it was still banned in the U.S. His customs officers continue to allow Lady Chatterley into the country despite the recent Quebec court ruling against the work. (They've been ordered to stop only if the supreme court upholds the Quebec decision.) Serious works once on the banned list but approved under Nowlan include some of the earthier writings of James T. Farrell, Alberto Moravia, Simone de Beauvoir and Jean-Paul Sartre.

Among the books which Nowlan, at one time or another, has prevented from entering into Canada are pornographic paperbacks with so little question of literary value that they require almost no examination beyond their titles. Some of the milder samples: Adventures in Nakedness by Julius Strange; Shameless Honeymoon by Thomas Stone; The Wench Is Willing by Griffith James; and Angels in Undress by Mark Bonney.

Titles are important to the sale of pornography and no word has been treated with more admirable inventiveness than "virgin." There are The Chronicles of the Careless Virgin, The Reckless Virgin, The Wronged Virgin, The Unlucky Virgin, The Leg Art Virgin, The Part-time Virgin, and most bluntly, Virgin, Goodbye.

The books of a few publishers are banned automatically regardless of their titles. This includes much of the output from Olympia Press in Paris, which among its long list probably has the most honestly titled pornographic work—a collection of colored nude pictures called The Tease, Pure and Simple.

Also banned are such standard pieces of erotica as the writings of Henry Miller's Paris period, the classic Memoirs of Fanny Hill, the works of the Marquis de Sade and such frankly sensational "studies" as Joseph McCabe's Vice in German Monasteries. Many picture books fall into this category, including a collection of models supposedly applying for jobs innocently titled It Pays to Advertise.

A few books are prevented from entering Canada because of their stress on violence rather than sex. Kiss the Blood off my Hands by Gerald Butler is one of the quieter examples.

Some books—like Dr. Alexander Hertwich's Aberrations of Sexual Life—are allowed entry providing they're addressed either to a doctor or sexologist. This is not the case with such pseudo medical volumes as Dr. D. O. Cauldwell's sporty Petting as an Erotic Exercise.

In dealing with the inflow of undesirable books, Nowlan has not basically changed the system begun by the 1906 adoption of Article 1201 of the Customs Tariff Act which empowers customs inspectors at Canadian borders to bar "treasonable, seditious or indecent literature." It's not a good system because it makes the customs man at once the judge, jury and prosecutor of the work in question. Nowlan himself once bluntly admitted that his officials are much more qualified to deal with the tariff on cabbages and cucumbers than to pass moral judgment on the merits of literature.

The defense against him

Nowlan maintains that there are laws against obscenity and that it should be the duty of the courts not the customs department to decide whether a particular work is obscene. Two years ago he amended Section 46e of the Customs Act to allow an appeal to the courts against any ruling he might make. The provision has not yet been tested because of the minister's enlightened decisions.

About six books a month are passed up to Nowlan's desk from the customs men for ministerial rulings. Because customs officials at various entry ports have different ideas about which books should be singled out for Nowlan's attention the system doesn't always work. On a recent Maritimes speaking engagement Nowlan spotted at a newsstand two paperbacks he had just prohibited from entering the country.

But neither of these had nearly as intriguing a title as a recently banned volume by one Humphrey Richards. It was called The Sexual Life of Robinson Crusoe. ★

The government's list of banned books is only one kind of censorship still operating in this country. For reports and comment on some others, see ENTERTAINMENT, *overleaf.*

CENSORED ENTERTAINMENT

How does the CBC censor? A recent case in point

When is censorship "a lack of ideological balance"?

When the CBC is afraid that one of its programs might raise too loud a rumpus.

That appears to be the case in the current controversy raging in French-speaking Canada over the CBC's arbitrary cancellation of its co-operative sponsorship of next fall's annual meeting of *L'Institut Canadien des Affaires Publiques*, the Quebec equivalent of the Couchiching Conference. The CBC has been broadcasting (four hours of radio and one hour of television) the *Institut's* meetings since 1954 and as with the English equivalent of the annual session, it has been paying about two thirds of the cost of the meetings.

When *L'Institut* announced that its topic at next September's meeting in Ste. Adèle would be the relationship of church and state in Quebec ("The Church and French-Canadian Society") the CBC withdrew its support. The *Institut* is holding its meetings anyway although the loss of the CBC revenue will mean that visiting lecturers will not get fees and the conference facilities will be drastically curtailed.

"It's a clear case of censorship — a breach of the freedom of the press," said Marcel Rioux, a Carleton University anthropologist who heads *L'Institut*. Marcel Ouimet, general manager of the CBC's French network, insisted that the broadcasts were cancelled because the panel chosen by the conference as well as its permanent officers did not ensure that the subject would be discussed in a thoroughly objective manner.

"The treatment proposed by *L'Institut* did not provide the kind of ideological balance we feel is a must," Ouimet said. "That's not censorship; we just don't feel that the program as outlined gives the necessary guarantees that objectivity would be respected."

"The CBC is of course entitled to do that," says Pierre Elliott Trudeau, one of the French-Canadian intellectuals on the board of *L'Institut*, "but they seem to treat public affairs broadcasts like political broadcasts at election time. You can give equal time to the political parties, but how can you realistically give equal time to ideas?"

A WASP strikes back at censorship by minorities

A few weeks ago the National Italian American League to Combat Defamation cornered Desi Arnaz, whose firm owns the TV series The Untouchables, and browbeat him into substituting Anglo-Saxon names for the actual Latin names of the old Chicago gangsters he uses as models for criminal characters.

Jewish organizations often object to productions of Shakespeare's The Merchant of Venice or adaptations of Dickens's Oliver Twist because they believe that the figures of Shylock and Fagin stigmatize their race as misers and cheats.

Canadian television producers invariably are attacked by ethnic groups whenever they stage an unpleasant or commonplace character in the form of a racial stereotype.

This touchy attitude is accelerating the already rapid ossification of television drama. It is also driving the television industry into the pathetic expedient of using as its source of villains the only group that never complains — the white Anglo-Saxon Protestants. Television producers now take so much advantage of white Anglo-Saxon Protestant phlegm that, for the sake of convenience the group has been categorized under the initials WASPs.

As a WASP myself I was asked the other day why we don't arise to protest against these slights on our reputation. The answer of course lies in the fact that true WASPs don't care. WASPs are brought up to feel themselves equal to other racial and religious groups. WASPs are also trained from childhood to look with pity upon emotional, defensive demonstrations. When people proclaim their social worth by shouting, jumping up and down and waving their arms about, WASPs feel inclined to summon not the local MP but the doctor. The more other races cry "I'm as good as you are," the more WASPs suspect those other races might be wrong.

WASPs have pioneered and developed more of this earth's surface than any other group. Their language is still the most widely used. Wherever they have settled WASPs have permitted other races to live alongside them.

In Canada, which WASPs won in a war against a tyrannical and decadent alien monarchy, WASPs have permitted so many other races to dwell in peace alongside them that WASPs now represent less than a third of the population.

A few rich WASPs, of course, are disgustingly ostentatious, a few ignorant WASPs are pathologically xenophobic and a few poor WASPs are contemptibly supine. But in general WASPs are people of modest means who live and let live and expect no more than their fair share of benefits from public funds.

There was once an extraordinary group of WASPs who dressed themselves in orange ribbons and beat big drums and shouted "To hell with the Pope." But actually these were impure WASPs. They had an exceptionally high level of primitive Celtic blood that somehow affected their cerebral functions. In any event they wore themselves down long ago into a tattered little back street band.

I cannot think of any other WASP organization that draws attention to itself or its theories in such a preposterous manner, nor do I expect to find one. Certainly I cannot imagine any organization of WASPs goggling at television for twenty hours a day with the object of spotting insults.

— McKENZIE PORTER

PROFILE: tastes and times of a friendly censor

Omri J. Silverthorne, chairman of the Ontario Board of Censors of Motion Pictures, which is made up of one woman and four men including Silverthorne, is a slender, well-groomed man of 53 with an unlined pink face, straight black hair that is silver at the temples and an energetic, friendly offhand manner.

He is a moderate moviegoer. When he goes he chooses pictures other members of the board have censored. If prodded he remembers a few he liked, such as Ben-Hur and The Alamo, but says "You can't take kids to the movies any more. I still think movies are for entertainment. I used to go to the movies to laugh. Ma and Pa Kettle. It was corn but I liked it. That's all gone now. We don't have any comedies any more." He's far more enthusiastic about home singsongs of such old favorites as Down by the Old Mill Stream with his wife at the Hammond organ.

For years he played an instrument made out of a washtub and a single string but turned it in on a store-bought model called a boom bass, which turns the performer into a kind of one-man band with cowbells and an old auto horn. He reads little, prefers books that he describes as "sordid," which startled me until he explained that he means realistic books about people who won their way from humble earthy origins by two-fisted effort.

Although he liked Lolita and Peyton Place he prefers biographies; actually he doesn't read many books of any kind. Never standard classics. He likes musical stage productions and takes them in when he's on trips to New York. TV has scarcely any hold over him. Perry Mason is the only hour-long program he watches. He looks at some half-hour westerns, likes sports broadcasts and some documentaries, but has never watched an old TV movie. All in all TV will never rate with driving his powerboat around Sturgeon Lake where he has a cottage. "I practically live in my boat."

Silverthorne was born in the village of Teeterville, Ont., one of five children of strict Baptist parents. He went to a two-teacher village school, did his lessons by lamplight on a slate, played the clarinet in the village band, was made to go to church twice on Sunday, young people's meeting on Monday, Mission band on Tuesday, prayer meeting on Thursday. He took his senior matriculation, went to Robinson's Business College in Waterford, Ont., and became a commercial teacher with Shaw Schools. Later he opened his own business college in Collingwood.

One day he remarked casually to a distant family connection, Mitchell Hepburn: "When you're premier I want a job from you." Hepburn said "I'll remember that." He did. In 1934 Premier Hepburn wired that he wanted to see him and appointed him to the board.

— ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

MOVIES: Clyde Gilmour

Hollywood goes to Eden and picks a rotten apple

THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ADAM & EVE: Mickey Rooney gives perhaps the worst performance of his career in this corny and depressing farce-fantasy from Hollywood, an example of the lengths to which some producers will go in their desire to appease even emotional censors. The film, a lumbering burlesque of the story of the Garden of Eden, was hurriedly withdrawn more than a year ago after a powerful American religious pressure group had condemned it as "blasphemous and sacrilegious." Now it has been re-released with numerous cuts and changes, all of them sanctimoniously designed to emphasize that the production represents a reverent approach toward Holy Writ. Rooney is a smirking Satan with plastic horns in a dream which obsesses the night-thoughts of a group of bus travelers marooned by a flood, and Marty Milner and Mamie Van Doren are the thinly clad dimwitted father and mother of the human race.

BREATHLESS: Toronto has seen this unconventional French thriller and it may be shown elsewhere in Canada because its casual adulteries are handled smoothly enough to dodge a censorial ban. "Immoral" or not, it strikes me as a nasty, dull and pretentious piece of work despite some technically brilliant photography and editing. Its central characters are a mindless young French hoodlum and a cynical American girl who shelters him.

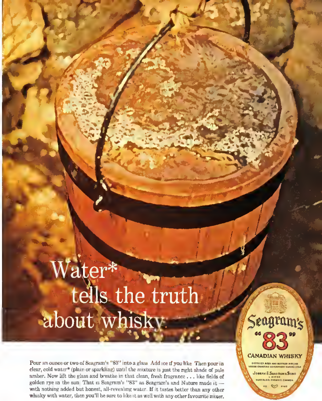
MEIN KAMPF: A Swedish-made documentary, mostly assembled from captured German newsreels and propaganda footage. Its fair-minded but unrelenting parade of the authentic sights and sounds of Hitlerism on the march makes it one of the most chilling "horror movies" of all time.

MISTY: Some of the elaborately bucolic dialogue on the sound track may become a bit fatiguing to hardened city slickers in the balcony but in other respects this is an attractive family entertainment. The locale, which is both authentic and unhackneyed, is the coast of Virginia, and the story deals with the efforts of a pair of earnest orphans (David Ladd, Pam Smith) to possess and maintain the proudest of the hundreds of wild horses living on an island.

RETURN TO PEYTON PLACE: A sequel to the unexpectedly good 1957 Hollywood version of a trashy, profitable novel by Grace Metalious about the sex life of a smug New England town. The second installment compares poorly with its predecessor. It's a long, solemn soap opera about the repercussions of a candid novel in which a young Peyton Place woman (Carol Lynley) publicly washes all the dirty linen in the community. Mary Astor skillfully depicts a poisonous dowager.

And these are worth seeing:

The Angry Silence
Hand in Hand
The Hoodlum Priest
A Raisin in the Sun
Saturday Night and Sunday Morning



Pour an ounce or two of Seagram's "83" into a glass. Add ice if you like. Then pour in clear, cold water* (plain or sparkling) until the mixture is just the right shade of pale amber. Now lift the glass and breathe in that clean, fresh fragrance . . . like fields of golden rye in the sun. That is Seagram's "83" as Seagram's and Nature made it — with nothing added but honest, all-revealing water. If it tastes better than any other whisky with water, then you'll be sure to like it as well with any other favourite mixer.

Ask for "Coke" or "Coca-Cola", both trade-marks mean the product of Coca-Cola Ltd., the world's best-loved sparkling drink.

What a **REFRESHING NEW FEELING**

...what a special zing...you get from Coke! Sparkling as sunswept spray, the lively lift and cold crisp taste of ice-cold Coca-Cola. Enjoy Coke from bottles or convenient, fast-chilling cans!

Drink Coca-Cola